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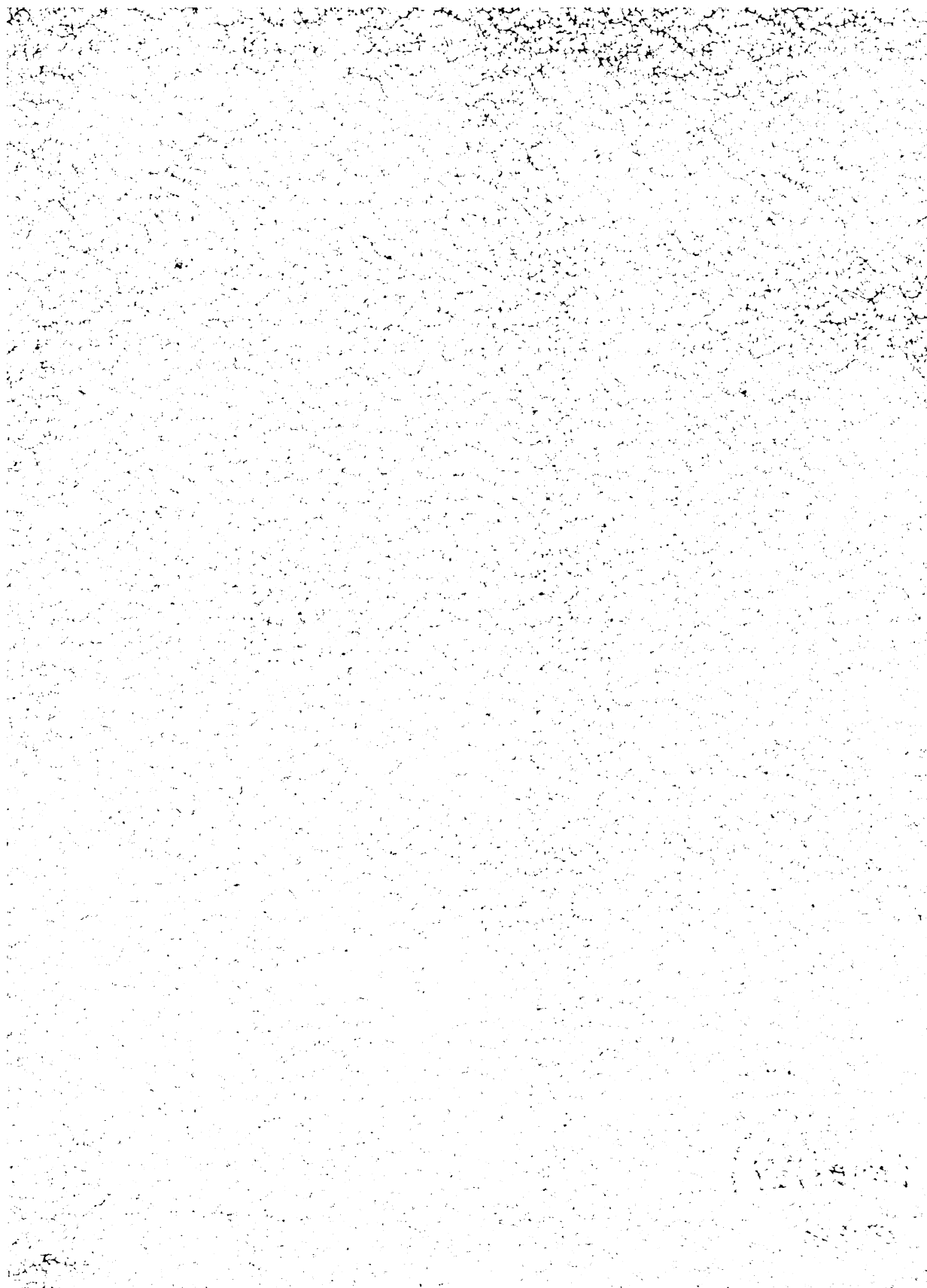


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THE
INCONSTANT LAD
A PLAY.

THE
INCONSTANT LADY,
A PLAY.

THE AUTHOR

✓
ARTHUR WILSON, ESQ.

SOMETIME OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

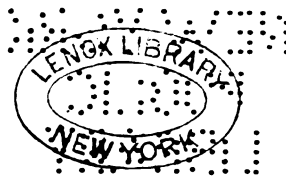
TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN APPENDIX.

OXFORD,

PRINTED IN THE YEAR

M.DCCC.XIV.



S. Collingwood, Printer, Oxford.



ness, (*see Notes at the end of the volume,*) this play was supposed to have shared the fate of its companions, and to be totally lost, till Dr. Rawlinson's copy was accidentally discovered.

From this copy the present edition of *THE INCONSTANT LADY* has been printed with the greatest care, retaining line for line, letter for letter, as in the original MS. This will account for a very singular orthography in some places, and an erroneous division of the metre in others; a system which was deemed necessary, in compliance with the present taste for *bibliographical accuracy*.

Of the Author all the particulars that can now be recovered are, it is hoped, given in the Appendix. As it appeared very likely, that some entries in the register at Felsted might afford further information relative to our Author and his family, application was made to the resident Minister, Mr. John Simpson, who informs us by letter, that the volume containing the burials, &c. from 1636 to 1678 has been lost for many years. He adds moreover, that the Vicar of the parish has some recollection of an inscription to Wilson's memory; but this cannot be retrieved, as that part of the chancel where the stone lays is now covered with pews for the convenience of the parishioners.

We are obliged for some of the Notes and various hints and improvements to Sir Egerton Brydges, Mr. Ingram, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Utterson, Mr. Gilchrist, Mr. Henry Ellis, and Mr. Haslewood. And we owe to Mr. Cochrane, of Fleet-Street, an exact copy of the entries from the Stationers' Registers, relating to our Author's three plays.

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The Inconstant Ladie.

ACTED AT BLACKFRIERS.

The Scæne Burgundie.

B

The Names of the Persons.

THE DUKE OF BURGUNDIE.

BUSIRO, an old Lord, a fauorit to the DUKE.

PANTARBO, his Sonne.

ARAMANT, } two Brothers of a noble Famelie.
MILLECERT, }

ANTONIO, } two Gent. Freinds to ARAMANT.
TREBUTIO, }

SERUIUS, } two Courtiers, obseruers of PANTARBO
TONSUS, }

EMILIA, } two Sisters of a noble Famelie.
CLORIS, }

LAUIA, Woman to EMILIA.

ROMILIA, a Bawd.

Wenches.

A Gard.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Scena Prima.

ANTONIO, TREBUTIO.

Treb. WHO'S that? Antonio? Well mett.

Anto. Trebutio, thou art as welcome, for 'tis rare to s
Freindship in this age meet soe happily.
Here's neither cringes nor curvetts, to make
An asse vnload his big and burthenous tougne
Vpon the dunghill of stale complement,
That none but fooles admire.

Treb. 'Tis the best posture
For your lip-mongers, that are all meere out side;
Whose tougues do wander so farr from the hart,
That they are faine to stoope to 't.

Anto. I am angrie
To see the guiddie world run thus a' wheelles
In such vntoward tracks, guided by men
That haue their greatnes more in noyse then nature
Whose couert plotts, should they but view the light,
Wo'd crack the axel-tree, and, though they breake it,
Wee must not say they do't. O, thirst of gold
And honor! how it tougne-ties Vertue, Goodnes;
And, like a violent working medicyne, runs
Through all the body-pollitique, and makes

Each member quitt his naturall offices
To entertaine diseases.

Treb. 'Tis a plague
Raignes euery where ; what citty is so free
From theise wild rages, where not freindship onely
Or tyes of consanguinitie, but bonds
Of sacred wedlock are not violated
By this corrupted mattayle ?

Anto. Nay, the alters
Prophan'd with such poluted hands, as haue
Noe other God but their admired Mammon ;
Who do not blush themselues to act these crimes
They raile against.

Treb. But how com'st thou turnd satire ?
'Tis not thy humour.

Anto. It wo'd burst a stoick
To see such follie. I'le go neerer home now,
And talke of that, which moues this anger in mee.
Our freind's vndone !

Treb. Who, Aramant ?

Anto. The same.
Thou knew'st his father violently bent
Against his mariage with Emilia—

Treb. And hee is dead, so that he may proceede
Without an obstacle.

Anto. But in his death,
(As if he ment that curses like a whirlwind
Should breake the vrne where his black ashes lay,
And blowe 'em into ayre,) he hath pul'd downe

The Inconstant Ladie.

The pillar of the house : giuing the land
And all the estate vnto the younger brother ;
And, by a power constraind, doth abrogate
The lawe of Nature.

Treb. There's a silly, wild,
Fantastique fury doth possesse old age ;
Who, in their thinne and flegmetique braines, conceiue
Their vnborne reason, which is monstrous ;
From which they forme out their conceits, and those
Proue but abortiues. For you seldome see
The elder loose his right, but that the younger
Is still the ruine of the famelie.

Anto. And may it alwayes happen soe, where Vertue
Looses her iust reward.

Treb. 'T wo'd griue a man
To part with such a fortune for a woman.

Anto. It is his honestie that binds him to it,
His promise to her.

Treb. But doth shee loue him ?
There is a skittish, proud, ambitious trick
In woman, such a vanitie, as loues
The varnisht outside more then inward soundnes :
'Tis for the land they loue to take the heire.

Anto. If shee bee such a one, may shee liue miserabl
And none lament it. But, Trebutio,
Can there bee such an angell-deuill ?

Treb. Yes—
That mauchandize with suitors, and the man
That bids most carries them away.

The Inconstant Ladie.

Anto. Hee has
A goodly purchase that hath such a bargainie!
But heere comes Aramant, and his brother with him.

Enter ARAMANT and MILLECERT.

Ara. If my vnworthynes may call you freinds,
I haue not lost all: but if you should thinke,
The deprauation of my nature, or
The breach of loyaltie I owe to goodnes
Did cause this ruine, it wo'd more afflict mee
Then my lost fortunes.

Anto. Thinke not, worthie freind,
You can loose any thing in vs, while Vertue
Doth find her self in you. Can the huge text
Of the vast law cancell the assurances,
Or disanull the bonds of friendship; or
Conferr affection as it doth large titles
Or great estates to men? No—'tis a power
Full of diuinitie, not grosse and earthie.

Treb. Wee rather wonder at your sufferance, sir,
That beare it thus with patience.

Ara. O, my freinds,
Though I haue lost a father, and with him
A birth-right, yett I haue a brother heere,
(A noble one, I hope,) and such a mistris,
That had my father, in his great displeasure,
Throwne mee into some barren wildernes
Where shee had bene, her smiles wo'd ha' preseru'd mee,
And added fresh fire to my emptie veines.

The Inconstant Ladie.

Treb. But now the flame burnes dim.

Ara. Cleare as her eyes.

My brother is going with mee to behold
The saint I worship soe, and hee shall iudge
If that I had not cause to quit the world
And all it's outward blessings for a creature
Of such diuine perfection.

Mille. Shall wee goe then ?

Ara. Yes : I do long to see her. My deare freinds,
I hope wee are not still at such a distance,
That I should make excuse for my departure :
You know my mind too well. *Exeun*

Anto. Farewell, sweet Aramant.

Treb. Thou art more noble farr, then fortunate.

Anto. 'Tis true Emilia's faire, that's all ; shee setts
Her selfe in the world's eye to be admir'd :
But Fame reports her sister (for no man
Could euer yett haue freedome to come nere her,)
Exceeds her as bright day the sullen morne :
It is so soft and sweet an innocence,
That Nature made it for a master-peece
Of admiration ; but her iealous sister
Fearing all eyes would fix on such an obiect,
Restraines her of the libertie of her birth.

Treb. How ?

Anto. Keepest her close shutt within her chamber, and
Doth make the onely flower of beautie liue
In solitude.

Treb. By what power doth shee this ?

The Inconstant Ladie.

Anto. Since her old father's death, she hath the managing
Of the estate, and so her will 's her lawe.

Enter PANTARBO, SERUIUS, and TONSUS.

Treb. But stay, Antonio, what pageant's this?
This thinge compos'd of shreads?

Anto. A peece of greatnes
Men call a lord; and those a brace of courtiers.

Treb. Are lords such compounds?

Anto. How can honor bee
But much abas'd, when 'tis the price of money,
And not of merritt? Our great ancestors
(Who by their vertue, and their noble deeds
Gain'd an immortall name,) blush in their graues,
Such guilded outsides should be rais'd to greatnes,
That haue no other honor but their title.
Yett you shall see this peece of follie now
If it but spew vpon you, raise a complement
Wee cannot well charme downe againe, without
A counter-spirit from *Amadis de Gaul*,
Sir Palmerin of England, or such authors,
From whence he gleanes speeches of all degrees
And quallites, and spits 'em out meere naturall.
Come, let's away, and shun him, for a shower
In a full haruest is not soe vnwelcome,
As hee 's to mee.

Exeunt.

Pant. Come, show your courtship now,
And see, who can do't best.

Tons. But lett 's barr bookes then.

The Inconstant Ladie.

Pant. Barr bookes ! you show your ignorance ; why do
Your greatest clarks learne all things from their books ?

Tons. Yes, to imbellish that which is their owne,
But you take all. What's that—*The Schole of Complemen*

Pant. Stay, I must con a little.

Serv. Who begins ?

Pant. Seruius, do you.

Serv. Hum. Beleeue it, gentle lord,
You are compleately drest. This ruff is sett
With such a nicitie, that it exceeds
Proportion.

Pant. That's a sweet complement indeed,
To say my ruff exceeds my proportion—ha, ha !

Serv. I meane the liniaments of art and order ;
Ther's such a discipline and methode in 't,
Soe quaintly curious, euery sett so neate,
And yett it borrowes lusture from the wearer.

Pant. Pish, this is comon. Tonsus, lett ha' your part

Serv. Come, wee must please him in his follie.

Tons. Well.

Now I approach to tell this noble lord,
Rich clothes are like the trappings of an asse,
And do not take my eye, nor can your ruff,
Though printed at Madrid, but suffer censure
By the most learned, if compar'd to you ;
To praise the clothes when ther's a face wo'd take
The eyes of wonder.

Pant. This is monstrous—
What do you make mee ? ha !

Tons. Wee are both silent.

Pant. Theise are rude things like th' earth that brought
'em forth.

Behold mee now. Suppose some mightie prince
Were standing heere, then thus wo'd I direct
My speech vnto him. Greatest of earth's monarchs !
Lett the bright heauen of your admired judgement
Shower downe some dropps of fauor on your seruant,
Who, like a barren gaping land, is dried
For want of moisture.

Serv. This is begging language.

Pant. But if that sacred and reuyuing dewe
(Drawne by the sun-beames of your brighter reason)
Bee all contracted into clouds alreadie,
Lett 'em breake out in showers, and with their wealth
Inrich this lower orbe. How do you like it ?

Tons. Why ex'elent well.

Serv. Hee wo'd haue all your great ones,
Before they grow too high, like swelling clouds
Breake and disperse to nothing.

Tons. Then his father will hardly scape.

Pant. Now to some princesse, or great lady thus.

Serv. What complement to them ? He cannot goe
Aboue the heauens.

Tons. Hee must descend to them, man.

Pant. More than most faire, what power of magick charmes
Shoote from your sweet refulgent eyes !

Serv. Sweet eyes !

Why not sweet tooth as well ?

The Inconstant Ladie.

Pant. Your peerlesse hand—

Serv. Why, must shee haue but one ?

Pant. You putt me out—

Is that enchanted wand, whose touch doth make
A wanton feauer dance through all my bloud ;
'T hath a magnetique vertue, sympathizing
With humane apprehention.

Tons. O, rare nonsense !

Pant. I'me out, I thinke.

Serv. When were you euer in ?

Pant. Ther's a magnetique vertue in your touch
That workes a simpathe transcending farr
All humane apprehention.

Tons. Now a' hits on't.

Serv. But then this princesse, sir, and you must symp

Pant. Or elce 'tis nothing. But now marke this st
Your beautie, faire one, I so much admire,
That like the satyre I could kisse my fire,
(Although it burnes me vp with dollers dire,)
So I may haue a sweet kisse for my hire ;
And without so much blisse I shall expire.

Tons. Hee's out a' breath.

Serv. Damsells, come to the crier !

Pant. Pish ; I haue speeches readie fram'd and fas
For euery sex, size, age ; 'tis all my studdie.
Come, lett's go see the ladies.

Tons. Hee's wi' child,
Till he bee brought to bed with this course yssue.

Serv. O lett him spawne it out, 'twill crack his br

The Inconstant Ladie.*Scena II.**Enter EMILIA and LAVIA.**Emil.* Lavia !*Lav.* Madame.*Emil.* Call my sister hether ;But see the dores bee fast till shee returnes. *Erit LAVIA.*

The land being gon, where is the maintenaunce ?

Can sighs and protestations keepe a coach,

And maintaine footmen ? Or is mistress Constancie

A good dispencer, can shee keepe a table ?

I cannot feed like MAB, the queene of fairies,

On spider's leggs, nor receyue nourishment

From kisses of my hand. If Aramant

Hath lost his land, I doubt hee'le loose Emilia.

*Enter CLORIS.**Clo.* Is it my fault or fate, that thus I am

Restrain'd the freedome of my birth ? Can I

Not haue the libertie that Nature gaue mee ?

The meanest creature hath that happines.

The warbling quiristers of the woods do hopp

From sprej to sprej, in their owne natiue freedome,

Hauing no sence of such a seruitude—

But miserable I am more restrain'd.

Emil. Sister, I loue you well, tak't not vnkindly

That thus you are reclus't ; it shall not last long ;

Beleeue it, gentle Cloris ! and the cause

That thus restraines thee, is to make mee happie.

The Inconstant Ladie.

For, by obscuring those faire eyes, I liue
The glorie of the time, and will not you
Beare something for a sister ? If thy beautie
Sho'd get abroad, how meane should I appeare ?
For from those shadowes that do come from thee
I borrow all my lusture.

Clo. Gentle sister,
If that this face, which you call beautifull,
Offend yee, make it worse ; I will indure it :
I will vse art to keepe theise wanton locks
From curling thus, theise cheeks shall grow more pale
Or I will chace the liuely blood away
With silent sighs, or wash 'em with my teares,
To make 'em white, as is myne innocence.

Enter LAVIA.

Emil. Come, come, be patient ; you must beare a

Lav. Madam, your seruant and his brother with
Young Milecert, whome Fame reports the heyre.

Emil. They come as wish't for, Cloris away ; be
I am all furie elce. *Ex*

Enter ARAMANT and MILLECERT.

Ara. My dearest mistris !
If there be happines on earth, as wee
May count that soe which is the cheifest good,
Then giue your humblest seruant leaue to say
It liues in you.

Emil. You flatter, Aramant.

If there be any thing you prize in mee,
It hath cheife growth and prime adition
From the true worthynes I find in you.

Ara. No more, my faire Emilia, why should wee
Keepe such a distance ? This smooth language best
Suites vnresolved soules ; wee need no words
But such as haue a power to crowne our wishes ;
Our hearts haue found this vnion. Heer's my brother,
My onely brother, know him, hee's a kind one—
What saist thou, Milecert, is shee not faire ?
Would not this purchase tempt aduentrous youth
To ship their fortunes in the angry sea
Of parent's rage, to find out such a mine,
Where all the treasure of the world's inclos'd ?
The rich Peru is but a sunny banck
Compar'd to her—
And the proud East hath not so many pearles
As shee hath beauties.

Mille. 'Tis a goodly creature.

Ara. Her touch is an elixar, which wo'd moue
Halfe marble men, and raise the spirits of age
To youth and vigour. Shee's a sea of nectar
To which the Lethæ of my cares do run,
And loose themselves for euer ; Set your land
(Which was my birth-right) by her, and I'd part wo'tt,
Oft'ner then I haue thoughts, e're part with this.
Me thinks I'me all compos'd of ayre, a lightnes
Shootes through my veines, when I behold her eyes.
Lauia, how did thy lady rest to night ? *He talkes to LAVIA.*

The Inconstant Ladie.

Mille. My brother is transported, and indeed
I do not blame him, lady ; such a beautie
Cannot but worke effects of admiration.

Emil. Your goodnes adds vnto my meane desert
Too large a title. But, pray tell me, sir,
Hath your dead father settled all th' estate
On you, (as it is nois'd,) and left my seruant
To seeke new fortunes.

Mille. Yes ; upon his death-bed
Hee put to's choice, whether he would enioy
His land, or you ; for both hee should not haue :
My brother's answere was but short, he valed
Your loue aboue all earthly happines,
And quickly quitt his interrest in the land.

Emil. It shoves your brother was of meane descent
It better suites with you, for greatest fortunes
Attend the noblest minds ; it falls upon 'em
Like a distilling dew on a rich soyle
To make it swell with fattnes ; but a curse
Followes vnworthines, like noysome blasts,
That makes all barren. I shall neuer thinke
That hee had vertue now.

Ara. But prithée tell mee
Do's shee not dreame of mee ? I'me sure shee do's
For the toyld spirits, ministers of day,
Doe spend their wandring phansies in the night
On the same subiect ; and shee hath not blusht
To check the howers for too officious speed,
When with our kisses wee did mingle soules.

The Inconstant Ladie.

The sun had not more freedome with the day,
 Then shee and I haue had, but if his hast
 To meet his amorous loue had hinder'd ours,
 Her frownes wo'd make it night; and in such darkenes
 Shee cannot choose but dreame.

Lav. My lord, of late

Shee hath beene farr from any such distemper.

Mille. The beaten mariner, after long toyle, *To EMILIA.*

Wo'd not reioyce to be at home in safetie,
 As I sho'd ioy in you, wer't not disloyall,
 And most iniurious to my worthie brother.

Emil. I cannot thinke he doth deserue that title:
 Your father knew some foule play, otherwise
 How co'd hee bee so cruell? wo'd a tiger
 Expose her young ones to the rage of want,
 And not prouide for 'em? Is there a creature,
 Whome nature hath not taught an aptitude
 To cherish and preserue her owne? Beleeue it,
 You wrong your buried father thus to doubt
 The justice of his act, being his last:
 And, if his act were iust, then haue you cause
 To doubt him for your brother.

Mille. O the power

Of loue and beautie! how hast thou bewitcht mee?
 I must be any thing that you will make mee.

Emil. Why now I find thee worthy of my fauor,
 And thy great fortune; wee will stand the brunt
 Of this man's furie, though it speake in thunder;
 And when the danger's past, then reape th' effects

Of our great victorie.

Mille. Lett this confirme it.

Ara. Thou art thy mistris' cabinet, and wilt
Discouer nothing. Now, my louing brother,
How do you like my faire Emilia ?

Mille. Why well.

So well, I thinke I neuer shall
Like any better.

Aside.

Ara. 'Tis a heauenly feature,
But yett this outside is a wildernes
Vnto the pleasant paradize within.

Emil. Fie, fie ! it is too much ; you'l spoile the bargaine
With praising the comoditie ; it needs not—
The match is made alreadye.

Ara. 'Tis so, sweet one,
And made so firme, that time may weare 'em out,
But neuer breake the bonds.

Emil. That time's at hand.

Ara. It hath alreadye bene too slowe, but wee
Will pay it a full interest ; Hymen's torch
Shall now begin to flame.

Emil. You are deceyu'd, sir.

Ara. I hope, I am not ; yett I read a storie
Upon thy brow, which makes mee hope againe
I am deceyu'd, for thou canst not be angrie.

Emil. No more then Southerne ayre chaft into heat
By the sunn's scorching beames. Can I loue barrenes ?
Weake, sordid man ! All creatures naturally
Suck vp their preseruacion : if they want it,

They pine and die ; can I subsist with nothing ?

Ara. How's this ?

Emil. Nay neuer wonder, for 'tis true.

Ara. It cannot bee, for thou art full of goodnes,
And such black guiltie thoughts can ne're abide
Where Vertue dwells, therefore they flie thus from thee ;
When they are all past, thy pure naturall sweetnes
Will show it selfe agen, and that firme loue
Wee planted once with interchanged vowes,
And waterd with our teares to make 'em growe,
Will spring againe and florish.

Emil. Noe, 'tis wither'd ;

For it doth want the sap that should preserue it ;
And by how much my loue exceeded measure,
When it did fix on thee, the same extreame
Augments my hate ; the propertie is alter'd !
'Tis true I loued thee firmly, when thou wert
Heire to that fortune, which thou now hast lost ;
But when the substance is once gon, think'st thou
That I can loue the shadowe ?

Ara. Doe I dreame ?

This is some furie sure, not my Emilia.
Thou seem'st to mee some foule malignant vapor
Rais'd from the sinke of syn, swolne with a venombe
Transcending woman's pride, which breaking on
Poore credulous man did blast his growing hopes,
And make him thinke there is no other hell,
But what is in thy breast.

Emil. Lett's leave this wonder.

The Inconstant Ladie.

Ara. No, stay and heare me gently ; doe not wrong me
I cannot think thee wicked. Hath great Nature
Desolu'd the sweet and pleasant harmonie
That chaines the world together ? are the spangles
That do imbellish heauen's rich canopie
Dropt from their spheres ? hath the sun left the vigor
To animate and cherish with its warmth ?
If not, if theise hold due proportion still,
Then why is this disorder ? You did loue mee,
And can you now hate, what you once lou'd dearely ?

Emil. I doe not hate thy person, but thy follie.
For can I thinke there can be any worth,
Or vertue in the man, that thus hath pul'd
His father's curse upon him ? all the good
I found in thee, I lov'd ; and now that's gone,
I'le leaue thee to thy follie, Aramant ;
A line drawne out at length, with parting ends,
Shall sooner meet then wee.

Ara. Teach me to rage
Some earthen power, for I must onely spend
My selfe in anger now ; it is a woman,
A wretched woman, wrongs mee. What reuenge
Is left for mee ? how shall I beare my selfe ?
In this great storme I shal be lost for euer.
But I will argue calmely—Why doe you
Afflict me thus ? this triall cutts too deepe ;
Recall thy sence agen, and thinke how sleightly
I gaue away my selfe to purchase thee ;
Lett mee not loose all ; I will not repent yett

If thou wilt be but kind. O looke upon mee,
Looke vpon all my fortunes, and if then
Thou find'st no pittie, make this spectacle
The miserablest obiect, that thine eyes
Can fix vpon.

Emil. You might ha' learn'd more witt,
And kept your land.

Ara. Tempt mee no further, fury !
Reason, thou queene of frailty, where is vertue ?
Are all your seruants paid with such rewards,
As theise I haue ? Then who'le hereafter keepe
A faith or vowe ? Who will not tell the world
That to bee good and vertuous is a crime ?
And soe invert the precept, that the lawe
Or nature teaches, till man apprehends,
That goodnes onely deserues punishment,
And vice a recompence. And if this holds,
Who will respect an oath, a freind, a teare,
But for a snare or trap ? or value woman,
Till his hott lust giues him an appetite
To add to his black legend ?

Mille. I am cruell to suffer this.
Thou art a tirant, Loue.

Ara. What shall I doe ?

Emil. The best way's to be patient.

Ara. 'Tis the foole's burthen, I will cast it off
And putt on all my rage ; it is more easie
In this extremitie to grapple with.
Yett what is man, that euerie litle puff,

The Inconstant Ladie.

Crossing his humor, should produce a tempest
To shipwrack all his reason ? I'll be quiet
In spight of woman's folly.

Emil. 'Tis well done :

Your brother and I will see you shall not want.

Ara. My brother and you ! Why, pray yee, do y

Emil. Wee may do shortly.

Ara. Some good angel tell me,

Hath vertue quite forsooke the earth ? Is there
An vniuersall ruine of goodnes ?

Resolue mee of this riddle. Millecert,
Thy standing mute proclaimes thee guiltie.

Mille. Oh !

What shall I doe ? To which path shall I bend ?
Nature commands me not to wrong my brother,
And besids that great tye, his innocence
Drawes pittie for his double iniurie ;
But, like a violent torrent, loue breakes forth
And beares downe all before it. Her faire eyes
Armes mee against all oppositions.
Brother, 'tis true I loue her, and shee hath
Assur'd the like to mee. I must not start back.

Ara. My brother, th'art a villaine ; therefore dr
That I may leaue no memorie to man
Of such a wretch.

Emil. Help, help ! my lord Pantarbo !

Enter PANTARBO, SERVIUS, and TONSUS

Pant. Servius, Tonsus, part 'em.

Ara. Well, I shall find you out, to loose the rest,
That once had quiet being in my brest. *Exit.*

Emil. Come, you must shun his anger ; hee is violent :
And when this storme is past, a glorious sun-shine
Will follow after.

Mille. Loue, thou art a fire
That consumes all things, but thyne owne desire. *Exit.*

Pant. Ladies, how come this fray ?

Emil. Please you withdraw,
I shall informe you how.

Pant. With all our harts. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Scena Prima.

ANTONIO and TREBUTIO.

Treb. BUT is Emilia and young Millecert
Coupled so soone?

Anto. They marryed in an instant.
Shee had no sooner cast of Aramant,
But greedily shee did persue his brother
And marryed him ; making the willow wreath
That crown'd the one a bridall for the other.

Treb. Did not I tell you, what a changing humor
Possest the sex?

Anto. O that I had some venome,
Some oyle of woman in mee, that I might
Slip into rage. Is there a soule among 'em,
But what is sensitive? Who shall we trust to,
When the great help of man thus failes? O woman,
Inconstant woman! hath the gaudie stamp
Of faire made such impression, that good
Must be incompitable? Subtile traitor,
Whose treason reaches to the hart, O shall,
Shall wee be lost in thee, in whome wee had
Our being first? Sure thy depraued nature
Hath wrought vs to this height of wickednes;
It is not from ourselues.

Treb. How dos hee beare it?

Anto. As one would beare a limb rent from his body
By cruell hands : and when his noble mind
Considers who his sword must make a way through
To his reuenge, it is to mee a wonder,
His great heart breaks not.

Enter BUSIRO, PANTARBO, SERVIUS, and TONSUS.

Treb. Here's the lord Busiro,
The duke's great officer.

Anto. Then ther's a breast
That harbors more then innocence.

Treb. Hee is
The great workemaster of the state, his braine
Moues all the ingins in't, and 'tis a crime
For any man to thinke hee is not honest.

Anto. And if he bee soe hee's belyed. How many
That did oppose his ends haue mett with their's,
Through darke contriuances? Nay, Innocence
Herselfe, Bellaura, a child, the onely heire
To this great dukedome, posted hence toe soone;
And by his meanes, or elce hee is abus'd.

Treb. Why is't not question'd?

Anto. 'Thas bene, and the duke
Will not beleuee it.

Treb. But his sonne Pantarbo
I hope 's no pollitician.

Anto. 'Las, good man,
Hee has a studied speech or two to vtter,

The Inconstant Ladie.

And hants vs euery where till they are vented.

Busi. You are growne the may-game of the court, the boy
Pick vp your rags of speeches for their sport,
And vent your serious folly. Leaue it, or— *Es*

Pant. I will ha' my humor, hee has his, old dotard—
And luckily heere is occacon offred.

Anto. Now wee must stand the brunt; you know the answe

Treb. See, hee begins his charge. A prittie posture!

Pant. I'me glad 'tis in my power to tell theise gentlemen
The court is honor'd by them, not that I
Deserue that hapinesse, or the most worthie,
But because Fortune now hath cast it on mee
In this most blest incounter.

Both. Hum! your lordship—

Pant. And 'tis a happie one, for it doth bring
Good omens with it : for, as mariners
Joy in the sight of those admir'd twins
Castor and Pollux, in their brightest glorie,
And feare no danger, soe like those two starres
Your presence ioyes the court, for 'tis a sea,
A rugged sea without you.

Both. Hum! your lordship—

Pant. A halcion calmenes now shall crowne the browes
Of the seuerest great ones, and the plotts
And practizes, that do disturbe their braines,
Shal be converted into proiects, how
To giue you entertainment.

Both. Hum! your lordship—

Pant. The ladies too will, like the mary-golds

Disclose themselues, and put on all their riches ;
 They'le search the deepes, and rob the Neirides
 Of pearle to decke their breasts ; their fairer haire
 Shall not addorne the shrine of Venus more,
 But your faire armes, and all their beauties bee
 At your (but wisht) comandment.

Both. Hum ! your lordship,
 At the next meeting wee will answere yee ;
 Wee haue now busines that doth more concerne vs. *Exeunt.*

Pant. What an absurd and sleight digression's this !
 Are theise the witts ?

Serv. Your onely pollicie
 Is to bee silent now.

Pant. Why I haue studied
 Theise speeches at the expence of many weekes.

Tons. Your lordship is much disappointed truely.

Pant. Disioynted, out of frame, put of the hookes ;
 My father's dreames did neuer vex mee soe.

Serv. What dreames, sweet Morpheus ?

Pant. Visions in his sleepe,
 That frights vs all ; hee sayes a spirit hants him.

Tons. It is a guiltie conscience, that persues him,
 Which euer wakes.

Pant. And then to comfort him,
 (Nay I'le tell all, because hee angers mee,)
 After such fearefull apparitions
 Hee triggs it to Romilia's—

Serv. Ther's a wench
 Cockers him up with brothes of sparrowe's rumps,

Marrow of hee-goates, and the chines of weasells—
Wee know what you wo'd say.

Tons. Shee keepes a bawdy house.

Pant. Indeed ther's delicate wenches.

Serv. Peace; not a word more.

Heere comes your father and lord Aramant.

Tons. Alas! good gentleman, hee's much abus'd.

Enter ARAMANT and BUSIRO.

Ara. My lord, my case is cleare, it beares an action
In court of conscience, and I cannot digg
The earth for hidden treasure, to make way
Vnto the justice of my cause. 'Tis true
Great officers doe pay well for their places,
Therefore they must bee brib'd. I know your lordship
(Though you be lecherous and haue your whores
Drest in more various shapes then Aretine
Could e're expresse,) yett y'are not such a villaine,
In the whole progresse of your pollicie
To murther aboue twentie.

Busi. Hee's distracted.

Ara. And yett sleepe soundly toe, and neuer fetch
A sigh or grone for't! D'ye heare, my lord,
Was not judge Minos a coukold? ther's a bull,
Women are no such creatures! D'ye thinke
I am soe madd to venture into hell,
As Orpheus did, to fetch a woman back?
Noe—lett 'em stay there.

Pant. This is very prittie.

Ara. Ha, ha, he! How the thing prances,
 And sneres in's trappings. If I see an eliphant
 With a castle on's back cutt out in clothes,
 Shall I call it a man? Where lyes his witt then?
 Belike 'twas mar'd y' the making, and soe lyes
 Upon the taylor's hand. Prittie Prometheans,
 Can they make men wise, vertuous, noble? Yes—
 The world's meere out-side, if a man ha' money
 Hee may bee any thing. You thinke I'me madd now?

Busi. Indeed I thinke thou art.

Ara. Who is not soe?

You grandies a' the court cannot take breath,
 Nor breath in sweet ayre, besides putrid lungs,
 For multitudes of suitors, that, like gnatts,
 Doe buzz about your eares, and make yee madd.
 And are not they soe that doe follow yee?
 Yes—and you minor courtiers, that do flant it
 And spend the maine stock out in expectation,
 Are you not madd? Why here is my young lord
 (Besides the anticke motions that do much
 Perplexe his braine) bring him but to a wench
 And hee's starke madd on't. Will not a good fee
 Make lawyers baule as they were madd? And are not
 They worse that hire 'em to't? An intemperate season,
 Doth it not make the countrie people murmur
 As they were madd? And then your cittisons—
 They are horne-madd. So we are all madd. Ha, ha, he!

Pant. Heere's a mad world indeed.

Ara. All's in disorder.

The Inconstant Ladie.

But who dares now reforme what is amisse ?
For tell a magistrate he turnes the edge
Of lawe on whome hee please ; or a great lord,
That his good honest father sold no land
To purchase honor with ; or aske my ladie
Why shee doth stripp her selfe so like a mermaid ;
'Tis not her litle dog's fault. Touch a serpent
And it will sting yee : I, 'tis dangerous.
My lord, d'yee heare the newes ?

Busi. What ?

Ara. The great Turke
Is now confin'd vnto fiae hundred whores.
Is't not a fine life ? And a' must not murther
More brothers—then a' has. 'Tis an ill way
To secure greatnes—I'le not murther mine.

Busi. How his words grate my soule, and strike a ho
Through all my blood ! A guiltie conscience
Is an vnquiet guest ; what hee hath said
Doth trouble mee ; though it may passe for madnes,
It is not soe. I'le haue his mouth stop't. E

Ara. Goe—

Goe my young crinkler 'y the hams, goe, follow,
Follow thy dad, great Pluto goes to councell,
And Procerpine and hee'le meet soone. You may
Haue a speech readie to popp of in triumph.

Pant. I am putt downe, I know not what to say.
I wo'd I co'd speake Welch, that's a madd language.

Serv. Hee's strangely alter'd. Exe

Ara. Nay, goe you along too ;

Follow the sent : the puppie wants his couples.

Enter ANTONIO.

Anto. How doe you, worthie sir ?

Ara. Why, very well.

Anto. My lord Busiro do's complaine, you are
Toe liberall of your tougne. Though he deserues
More ill then you can speake, yet 'tis not good
To vtter all you knowe.

Ara. What did I say ?

Did I talke wildly ? I doe feele I am not
As I was wont to bee, and yett I hope
It will not reach to madnes. O fraile man !
Why should thy proud aspiring thoughts seeke out
(Through thy soule's saftie) superioritie
Ouer thy equalls, when thou cans't not master
Thine owne weake passions ?

Anto. Now your soule flies high ;
Keepe that pitch still, and be aboue theise mischeifes.

Ara. What shall I doe ? My brother is not dead yett ;
I'de rather hee should die another way,
Then by my hand.

Anto. Hee's dead, sir, to all goodnes.

Ara. O bring mee to some place, where I may neuer
See him againe.

Anto. And peace of mind dwell with thee. *Exeunt.*

The Inconstant Ladie.

Scena II.

Enter CLORIS and LAUIA.

Clo. Lauia, good wench, how am I bound to thee
For thy assistance!

Lav. Truly, I do pittie your youth and innocence, to
cloister'd

And shutt vp from the world; my lady is
Toe cruell to you.

Clo. Soe shee is indeed,
Since my deserts hath not pul'd on the rigor
Of her feirce anger.

Lav. It is faut enough,
That you are hansomer, and shee do's know it;
And knowes how it wo'd derogate from her,
If you had freedome to bee seene.

Clo. Alas!
My iniuries are poore when I but thinke
Vpon the noble, iniur'd Aramant:
His wrongs and sufferings shall out weare storie,
And lay a brand vpon our sex for euer.
No tougne shall speake of woman but with scorne;
Their teares shall sooner make hard marble melt,
Then bring the harts of men to find beleife,
That there is truth in woman.

Lav. You deliuer
Your words with such an earnestnes, they speake
Loue in your looks.

Clo. I must confesse I loue him,
And do not blush to say, his miseries
Begott this loue in mee.

Lav. Then you loue, madame,
The most accomplish'd gentleman in Burgundy.

Clo. Thou oft hast told mee soe. I neuer saw him
But passing by my windowe, nor could that
Make this impression in mee, if his wrongs
Had not begott my pittie, and soft Pittie
Is Loue's first parent.

Lav. But what hope haue you
In one that is distracted?

Clo. 'Tis not much;
His passions are not violent; I wish
This freedome onely to recouer him.
I haue a balme whose vertue is so pretious,
That in a moment it charmes all the thoughts,
And giues the spirits rest—How I gott this
Requires a storie—This I will applye,
And hope to giue him ease, for I thinke truly
Those powers that first inspir'd my mind to loue
Haue pointed out a way for mee to raise
The man my sister ruin'd.

Emil. (*calls within*) Lauia!

Lav. Madame—
Wee have mispent our time in talking, goe—
My lady comes—The garden gate is open—
Away—away!

Exit CLORIS.

The Inconstant Ladie.

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Enter EMILIA.

Emil. What, Lauia!

Lav. Madame.

Emil. Where art, wench?

How do's my pritty sister, is shee well?

Lav. Farr better now then shee hath bene of late.

Shee's out a' your reach.

Aside.

Emil. 'Tis well—Goe in—

If your lord aske for mee, direct him hether. *Exit LAVIA.*

I do not like his humor; he setts puling,

“What will the world thinke? How vnnaturall

Shall I be counted?” Hee's an naturall,

An asse, that doth prescribe the rule of 's actions

By the vulgar voice. They'le say, I am inconstant:

'Tis true—have I not reason? Will they blame mee

For being prouident? The vsurer

In his extreame extortion, is commended

Above the prodigall. What marchant is

Soe foolish to sell all his wealth away

Vnto a bankrupt, if hee be a knowne one?

Enter ANTONIO. (behind.)

I am so farr from thinking it a fault,

That if I were not tyed, this peeuish humor

Wo'd make mee change agen.

Anto. It shoves you woman.

Emil. How now! Which way came you? vnmaner'd fellow,
To thrust vpon my priuacies!

Anto. Your ladyship

Will indure more sometimes, and not be angrie.
For once I made your garden gate my way.

Emil. Lauia! within there!

Anto. Noe—you shall not sturr
Till I haue read my lecture: I am come
To ease my heart vpon you, which is readie
To breake for want of vent. You are a woman
The falcest, periurd'st, and the most inhumane
That euer added staine vnto the sex.
They all will blush for thee, and curse thy memorie:
For when posteritie shall tell the world
Thy crueltie, our youth, like phenixes,
From their owne ashes will produce a people,
And lett the virgins pine away in silence.
O thou hast wrong'd a man that hath more worth—
Emil. Then thou hast witt. D'ye come to raile at mee
Y' my owne house?

Anto. Yes, I ha' tied my hands vp,
And meane to strike thee with my tougne; that is
A weapon that can cheifely peirce the soule;
If thou hast any, 'tis as light as vanitie.
I am acquainted with your constitutions;
A taylor gotten y' the change of the moone
Is not soe fickle. What are all your dressings,
Your prunings, paintings, and bare necks, but emblems
Of a more loose mind? all your actions
Onely to make an noise, like children's ratles
For fooles to gaze at, with—There goes my lady!

Emil. This fellow's madd.

The Inconstant Ladie.

Anto. A goodly peece of puff pac'k,
A litle lantified to hold the gilding;
Then, if your usher dwindells in his leggs,
Your freind must meet you at a ladie's chamber,
Or at a doctor of phisicks, who sometimes
May cast his figure on your ephemerides,
And hee will tell you who shal be the father
A' your first child : doctors are cunning fellowes,
And can giue drinks to procure loue ; you ladies
Deale with such symples. If my young lord sees yee,
Hee takes you vp, and hurries you to Bedlam
As hee were madd. From thence to—

Emil. Foule mouth'd fellow !

I'le not indure this grosse abuse. What, Lauia !

Anto. No, no, no ! This gallerie is farr from any call.
And then your women must be brib'd, they can
Discouer much elce, for if you should long
Vpon your breeding for a peece of flesh,
They are your onely ingeniers, and if
They gett a bitt by the way themselues, and take
A surfett on't, it must bee wisely carryed.
O, ther's a pollitique comonwealth within yee !

Emil. This is such impudence !

Anto. I haue not done yett.

A face is a faire baite, and a good legg
In a fine pleated stocking takes, prouided
You iear your husbands, and protest to marry
Onely for land ; and sweare t' haue stincking breathes.
No matter—you'le haue children, which hee shall

Thinke are his owne, and the good man must buy
 More druggs to sett you vp againe, then wo'd
 Furnish an hospitall : a ruin'd abby
 Askes not so much repaire ; for you must haue
 Your teeth, like virginall iacks, pop in and out,
 As you are ta'ne a peeces, and the haire
 You lost y' the last incounter, furnished
 The next asizes. Y'are indeed all sinne,
 All shame, all woman—and till Aramant
 Recouers his sad sicknes, I shall curse yee.
 A litle more, and I ha' done—Your sister,
 Your innocent sister—that small sentence speakes
 Your pride and enuie; if the deuill bee
 Your equall at all theise, I will turne Capuchin.
 Soe farwell, Composition.

*Exit.**Emil.* What ill starr

Procured mee this mischeife, that this slaue
 Must baite mee heere to death, and I not haue
 A meanes to bee reuenged? What, Lauia!

Enter LAVIA.

O are yee come? Who lett this villaine in?
 How comes the garden gate vnlockt?

Lav. Is't open?*Emil.* Is't open! fury! so shall mine bee too.

Run to my sister's chamber quickly, see
 If shee be there. The warring winds that meet *Exit LAVIA.*
 And iustle vp the billowes till they rage,
 Are calme to what I haue within mee. How now?

Reenter LAVIA.

Lav. Madame, she's gon.

Emil. Gon ! 'Twas a plot betwixt yee.
I am betraid—All my iust anger arme mee.

Exeunt.

Scena III.

Enter ANTONIO and TREBUTIO.

Anto. I haue bene with my changable taffetie madame,
And read her such a lesson, that I hope
Shee'le cast vp her accounts and—hang herselfe.

Treb. But did you see hope of amendment in her ?
Did her eyes drowne themselues in teares ?

Anto. Yee may
As well draine corke as gett a teare from her :
Shee has her humors toe, but not soe watrish :
Her cesternes stand the other way. It is
The hardest harted peece of woman's flesh
That e're I sawe ; sure 'tis some carman's bastard
Begotten at a great stop. Ther's more tendernes
To be expected from an executioner
Than her : her eyes, that should haue run in floods,
Were arm'd with arrowes of disdaine and anger.
O, 'tis a fury ! If Don Belzebub
Wo'd haue a lep, this were a beast to breed on.

Treb. Thou sett'st her out well yett.

Anto. But how dos Aramant ?

Treb. Hee hath shrowd fitts still, and doth want but sleepe
To giue him ease, which his vnquiet mind

The Inconstant Ladie.

Will not admitt. Hee's got abroad againe
Into the woods.

Anto. And is the duke a' hunting?

Treb. Hee is, and sent for vs an hower since
To waite vpon him, but I could not find yee.

Anto. Lett's away then; wee may find Aramant there.

Exeunt.

Scena IV.

Enter ARAMANT.

Ara. Here's no falce brothers, sure, nor no falce women;
Theise woods breed noe such monsters—I'll dwell heere—
The harmeles beasts are my companions.
Now I may sleepe secure, but that I feele
An vnkind noise that whispers to mee, Aramant,
Thou art vndone for euer. Where art, spirit?
I do coniure thee post away theise shapes
That hurry in my braines. Where shall I rest?
I shall find none here. Who's this come to vex mee?
More monsters yett!

Enter CLORIS.

Clo. Alas! hee raues.

Ara. What art thou?

Art thou a daughter of thinne ayre or earth?
A child of night or day?

Clo. I am a woman.

Ara. Then none of theise, and yett compos'd of all,
A faire and firme, darke-minded vanitie.

The Inconstant Ladie.

But you do seeme to weepe! O, you haue teares,
Sad killing teares; weepe on I pray:—and vowes,
Haue you no blasting ones? Keepe of—What power
Makes vs affect that most, that is most hurtfull?
I will not looke vpon yee—I haue reason now—
Where abouts lyes thy soule?

Clo. In euery part.

Ara. No, there is none in thy face: that's not deform'
But draw that painted curtaine, wee shall find
A horrid figure vnder it, would fright
Man in his best of reason. But I like thee—
Speake truly what thou art.

Clo. I am a spirit,
The genius of that loue once dwelling in thee;
Which had a noble habitation,
Till vnkind vsage forc't it from thy brest,
And then I went with it, to bring it back againe—
And I haue brought it for thee.

Ara. O, where is it?

Clo. Wrapt vp within my hart.

Ara. How shall I come by 't?

Clo. I will infuse it by some happie charme,
If you will leaue your rage.

Ara. I pri'the doe then.

Clo. But come not nere mee 'till I do present it,
Least it takes wing againe, for spirits are ayrie,
Not to bee toucht: this loue I bring is such
Vntill it bee applyed.

Ara. Come, show thy skill,

The Inconstant Ladie.

Thou prittie spirit, for wee must giue way
Vnto those powers that dispose of vs.

He setts downe, she rubs his temples.

SONG.

If the power of art can drawe
Nature from her first election,
To a more refined lawe
By extracting her perfection ;

Let it now breath it's perfume,
And with slumber strike the braine ;
Now your greatest strength assume,
Run through euerie nerue and vaine.

Lett a silent wonder ceaze
All his thoughts, that hee may find,
There is artificiall ease
For the troubles of the mind :
And if thou dost sett him free,
Nature then will yeild to thee.

Clo. Hee sleepes ! A blessed silence crowne his ey-lids,
And shut vp all his rage ! But where am I ?
Am I not lost in finding him ? O Loue,
How thou dost arme thy seruants ! Wild beasts now
Cannot affright mee, nor my sister's anger,
Which is as terrible ; I followed him
As eagerly as hunters doe their chace,

Or as the ayre persues an emptie place ;
And yett I feale no vnchast thought within mee.
Bee witnes, you high powers, whose justice gards
The innocent ; and as my spotles, free
And artlesse hart speakes truth, so prosper mee.

Enter THE DUKE.

Duke. I haue lost all my people, and the sport—
But here's faire game indeed, a prittie wench !
Where dwel'st thou, faire one ?

Clo. At Besancon, sir.

Duke. Thy name ?

Clo. Cloris.

Duke. I'me sure thy birth is noble,
Thy countenance doth speake it. Wilt thou goe
With mee vnto the cittie ?

Clo. I haue, sir,
A brother heere, sick, that requires assistance,
And do intreat your pardon.

Duke. I haue companie
Coming behind, will lend their care to him.
Pri'the go thou with mee, for I do find
Something in thy faire lookes, that bids mee loue thee.

Clo. Sir, I beseech you robb mee not of all
My ioyes at once ; I do but now begin
To find my happines.

Duke. Come, y'are to blame,
And know not how to court the fortune followes yee.
A prince's eye commands, much more his tougne.

Clo. As y'are my prince I kneele to you, and offer *Kneels.*
 These harmeles teares to be a ransome for mee.
 Wo'd I were shutt vp in my cell againe,
 That men may bee to mee obiects of wonder,
 Since my first freedome fares so ill.

Duke. Art thou
 Emilia's sister ?

Clo. Yes, sir.

Duke. Pri'the rise,
 And I'll be bolder with thee, for I heare
 Thou hast a vertue farr aboue thy sexe,
 And I will neuer leaue it thus.

Clo. But, sir—

Duke. No more—

Clo. I dare not call for feare of waking him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter ANTONIO, TREBUTIO, PANTARBO, SERUIUS, and
 TONSUS.*

Anto. A fellow told mee that the Duke went this way ;
 The stag is downe long since.

Treb. But his good lordship
 Fell but iust now.

Anto. The tamer beast, I trowe.

Pant. Ouer and ouer, Kethay. Jade ! H'as almost
 Broken my crupper ; alas, I am
 A very grissell—

Anto. To a beast of burthen :
 You haue no brasen ribbs, nor huckle bones
 Fitt to sett vp for monuments of giants.

Pant. No, noe, I feele I haue not.

Anto. You haue speches thoe

Are charmes for stumbling; co'd not you vse one of 'em?

Th'are ex'lent receites—as thus: Sweet rone,

Deare beast, looke to thy feet, some mole-hill may

Or traiterous stump in ambuscado lay,

And flowndring holes do flownce. I vow by Stix

'Tis hard to know which hath most coltish tricks:

And to giue each his due, as it is fitt,

The beast's head's greater, but the man's least witt.

Pant. Come, Seruius, lett's away, they begin horse-play.

Anto. Hee's gon. Gramarcy, horse!

Pant. Tonsus, away.

Exeunt PANTARBO, SERVIUS, and TONSUS.

Anto. How hee do's muster vp his rancks! I wonder

These fellowes smell him not.

Treb. 'Tis their dependance:—

But you'le be iearing, and hee'le tell his father.

Anto. Hang the old rotten stump (in barke of veluet)

With the greene withe his sonne. Shall I stand mewing

After such hee-catts, and make leggs, and thanke 'em

For being pollitique and humerous fooles?

I'le bee a porter first, and breake my back

With a great burthen at a ballad singer's.

Treb. Who's that lies sleeping there?

Anto. Wonder of man!

'Tis Aramant—I hope hee is not dead.

Treb. No, no, he breathes. Stillnes possesse his veines,
And charme downe all his passions!

Anto. Lett him rest.

Treb. Hee sturrs : lett's speake to him.

Anto. Stay a litle.

Ara. Where am I ?

How came I in theise woods ? what dreame is this ?

You are my freinds Antonio, and Trebutio ;

Is it not soe ?

Both. Wee are.

Ara. And was there no body elce heere ?

Anto. Who d' ye seeke soe ?

Ara. I haue incounter'd the most pleasing fancie.

Anto. For loue's sake, what ?

Ara. Sawe you no woman heere ?

Treb. Hee raues still.

Anto. Noe ; for if there had bene one,

The Duke has such a pack of lime-hounds with him,

Shée could not scape their catch.

Ara. 'Tis very strange !

Why then it was an angell.

Anto. A woman and an angell ! this is madnes.

Treb. It seemes it is some light one then.

Ara. She spake to mee

With such a charming voice, till heauy sleepe

Did lay his leaden wings vpon myne eyes,

And then shée vanisht ; yett methinks I see her

In my mind's eye.

Anto. Bee blind to theise distempers ;

They are but darke perturbbers of the braine.

Ara. Nay, this is true ; I saw her, my hart sees her ;

The Inconstant Ladie.

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And if my eyes be euer blest againe
With that faire object, you shall see her toe
To bring your wonder to beleife.

Anto. It must bee

In fairy land then ; where if e're I come
To ride with Oberon in cockle shells
Drawne by two pish-mares, let some courtier beg mee.

Treb. Lett's gett him home.

Anto. Come, will you goe with vs ?

Ara. Yes, I will goe, in hope to find this faire one ;
For I haue now quite lost my old desire,
And in that losse haue found a fresher fire. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Scena Prima.

EMILIA and LAUIA.

Emil. YOUR good demeanour may procure a pardon,
But you must worke it first.

Lav. I shall indeauer.

Emil. Are all things readie ?

Lav. Yes.

Emil. Where's your lord ?

Lav. There, madam.

Enter MILLECERT.

Emil. Come, you are allwayes y' your dumps ; be merry, man,
And see how I can force a mirth : for can it
Be naturall to see my younger sister,
(And onely in opinion toe, not blood,)
Triumphing in her pride, by the duke's fauor,
And I must crouch to her, as to an idoll ?
O my diuining soule, that prompted mee
To fixe her glorie in obscuritie !
Wo'd she had neuer seene the light ! But I
Will put on calmenes, smooth as innocence,
Till anger finds a way vnto my wishes.

Mille. And will you vent it, when she sues for peace,
That hath receyued the iniurie ?

Emil. True, she sends for mee,
And with faire promises couers her wrongs :
But shall I trust her ? Wo'd you trust your brother,
If hee should seeke a reconcilement ?

Mille. Oh, you raise a storme within my breast, that cannot
Bee laid without a shower of teares ; I wo'd
Repaire the breach I ha' made with any hazard.

Emil. Then th'art a thinne brain'd fellow, and I'll vse yee soe :
A flegmetique soule—Now I am going to court,
I must not be rain'd vp by a tame musler,
That shall confine my freedome to his winks.
A roming eye is a court comet, and
Showes the prodigious fall of some great man.
Husbands, like rough drawne shadowes, nere at hand
Looke course and scurvelie, but at a distance
They sett a hansom peice of prittie well.
In time you'le know what's fitt.

Mille. My brother's iniuries
Fall thick vpon mee now. Yee guids of reason,
Why do you giue mee patience to indure this ?

Emil. Nay, you must beare more yet, therefore 'tis best
To practize now.

Enter PANTARBO.

Pant. My honor'd lady, welcome !
I must redouble it, for the duke's mistris *Kisses her.*
Your faire and vertuous sister, with a sweetnes
Equall vnto her beautie, doth command it.

Emil. Shee is all goodnes.

Pant. But your faire indowments
 (Were there no other motiue) will attract
 The powers—vm—shakes on 't! see now if I can hitt on 't—
 The powers—and faculties of humane reason, *Aside.*
 To such an apprehension of your worth
 That all the world will striue to doe you seruice
 For y'are a peece of s
 The whole of all felicit

Emil. My lord,
 I find such high perfections flowing
 That I must stop the currant of yo
 And pay some tribute back againe, for . . . *She kisses Panturbo.*
 I haue receyued. This cannot choose but vex . . .

Pant. You rauish mee with sweetnes, dearest lady.

Mille. I shall grow desperate, rackt with iniuries,
 And breake into reuenge. I now begin
 To see my shame and loth it: 'tis belowe
 My spirit to grapple with weake words or woman,
 But I will gaine a conquest on my selfe. *Exit.*

Pant. The man is iealous sure?

Emil. Hee is, my lord.

Pant. Wo'd he were here agen, that I might kill him
 With kissing thee.

Reenter MILLECERT.

Mille. Why heere hee is agen—
 Thou ragg of vanitie, patcht into greatnes,
 What dar'st thou doe? *Drawes.*

Pant. O hold! I was in ieast, sir.

The Inconstant Ladie.

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Mille. Take that in earnest then ; thou hast a soule .
Toe cheape for my revenge. *He hurts him.*

Emil. Help ! murder ! help !

Exeunt MILLECERT and EMILIA.

Enter ANTONIO and TREBUTIO.

Pant. O heere he comes agen ! *Peepes vp.*

Anto. What noise was that ?

Treb. It was Emilia that past by .

Anto. Shee raises

Tempests where e're shee goes. Wo'd I were safe

I' my owne witts againe at home ; the court

Will hen such black porpisces

.

. t-man

. growne a fauorite. Sure 'tis shee

. amant so raues on, for the duke,

. nd her 'a hunting.

There hee tooke her vp

And 'tis not the first wench his goodly beagles

Haue hunted after : Busiro 's old dog at it.

Brains of a brick-bat ! looke where a lord lies !

Treb. Sleeping.

This shred is cutt y' the whole peece. Hee's hurt—

Anto. And feares a second slash. Wee'le ha' some sport.

Behold the fall of a great man, whome time

And enuie of his good parts hath brought lowe.

Treb. 'Tis strange ! among his owne, so nere the court
Where he was honor'd.

Anto. Truly 'tis great pittie ;
Wee'le see him nobly buried. Are yee peeping ?

He lifts vp his head.

Pant. O, I am kil'd !

Anto. With what, a ladie's lipp ?

Pant. The villaine Millecert has run mee through
Because I kist his wife.

Anto. You must be licking,
And liquorish flies do sometimes meet with flaps.

Treb. Gett vp—gett vp.

Pant. I cannot stand.

Treb. I warrant yee.

Pant. O for a surgion quickly, I shall sound elce.

Treb. If you be sound you neede no surgion.

Anto. Come,
Weele lead him to Romilia's, and cage him
Among the vncleane birds, his father feeds there.

Treb. The whores will pinch him to the quick.

Anto. No matter—
His lordship's strong broths must haue vent ; you see
Hee is too rampant. Will your lordship walke now,
And leaue your cringes and long leggs ?

Pant. O gentlemen—
I doe beseech you help mee.

Anto. The good man
Is mortified. I'le take his wound for two pence. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

CLORIS and EMILIA.

Clo. Sister, I haue no time to speake your welcome,
The duke is coming in.

Emil. O noble madame,
I find a sad repentance for the ills
I did inflict vpon you, and your goodnes
In this your pardon, moues a thankefulnes,
Would melt mee into teares ; mine actions shall
Hereafter in the humblest straine of gratitude
Expresse a sorrow, though I neuer can
Deserue forgiuenes.

Clo. Vrge no more—We'are friends.

Emil. I hope this is well acted ; if it bee not
I could draw flouds of teares out, rather then
Betray mine enuie to her.

Aside.

Clo. See, the duke.

*Enter THE DUKE, BUSIRO, ANTONIO, TREBUTIO, SERUIUS,
TONSUS, and Attendants.*

Duke. My prittie Cloris, thou art all the ioy
The world hath left mee, and reuiu'st a loue
That hath bene buried long. Who's that ?

Clo. My sister.

Duke. Shee is most welcome for thy sake.

Emil. What curse
Gouern'd my birth, that I deserue no better ?

The Inconstant Ladie.

Duke. Thou hast bene absent long: when I am frome thee
 I wander from the course of all my comfort.
 Here lett mee fixe, for should my roving fancie
 Incounter all the obiects that great Nature
 Hath framed beautifull, they would appeare
 But drosse compar'd to this. Me-thinks shee looks
 Like a cælestiall figure, that hath borrowed
 Mortallitie, to mock the world withall.

Anto. The duke is strangely alter'd.

Treb. Past beleefe!

Duke. Nay, it is soe: elce could her eares be deafe
 To my solicitations? If thou bee'st
 Compos'd of the same elements wee are;
 Instruct thy hart to loue, that I may find
 There 's something in thee mortall!

Anto. Marke Emilia,

How her soule grates to heare this.

Duke. Dearest Cloris,

Thou dost not know my loue yett.

Whisper.

Treb. See Busiro,

How hee looks crest-falne.

Anto. Ha 's bene at it lately.

He has an ytch, the old goate must be frisking.

Treb. Hee's very sad a' late; something lyes heauy on him.

Anto. Those little leggs of his support a waight
 Of villainie wo'd make strong Atlas bend.

Treb. But yet he hants the wenches at Romilia's
 To recreate his spirits.

Anto. Hee may do any-thing.

The Inconstant Ladie.

The duke thinks all complaints that come against him
Proceed from enuie. 'Tis the miserie
Of princes that they are debarr'd the freedome
That wee enioy, they learne no other tunes
But what theise whistle to 'em.

Treb. If hee goes now a bulling,
Hee may chance find the calfe his sonne before him.

Enter ARAMANT.

Anto. S'so, here comes Aramant.

Treb. What do's hee heere?

Ara. 'Tis shee, or elce my memorie's too actiue
For all my faculties. My great preseruer,
So nere the duke ! I neuer heard of her.
Am I myselfe? or is this some new fancie
Shaping another ruine to my reason ?
I am not much distemper'd now ; the greatest
Passion I feele is mou'd by her faire eyes—
This litle peece of life knocks at the dore
As if it wo'd breake out. I will speake to her—
Yet stay—there's danger in't—To snatch a prey
From a feirce lion's foot, doth argue rashnes
Not resolution. See gazes on mee,
And casts her eyes to heauen, as if her vowes
Were written there. There is some secret in't.

Treb. The duke is angrie !

Duke. All forbear the roome.

Anto. This is some soudaine passion—Lett's away. *Exi*

Duke. Cloris, I find my tendernes begetta

A disrespect in thee; that which I thought
 To bee a harmelesse innocence, appeares
 Proud, and disdainefull follie: I did marke,
 When Aramant came in, how your blood danc't
 Vpon your cheekes, your eyes were riuetted
 As if you ment to fixe there, and my words
 Past vnregarded by.

Clo. My lord, I fear'd
 Least the distemper which his iniuries
 Haue brought vpon him, sho'd breake into rage
 Here in your presence, to disturbe the quiet
 Of your faire mind.

Duke. Come, that is not the cause.
 Can'st thou desire my quiett, and yett bee
 So cruell to mee?

Clo. If I do not prize it
 More then my happines, then lett that leaue mee!
 I wo'd lay downe my life to buy your peace.

Duke. This is a ridle. Would'st thou purchase that
 So dearely, which thou might'st so easily giue?
 Thy loue will doe it.

Clo. Why, you haue it, sir;
 My dutie calls mee your's as y' are my prince,
 And as you haue rais'd mee to this height of fauor,
 Aboue the ascent of my desert, preseruing
 My honor free, you haue so farr oblig'd mee,
 Made mee so much a seruant to your goodnes,
 That my poore loue is lost in soe much merrit.

Duke. Then I shall find it. 'Tis enough; I ioy

The Inconstant Ladie.

In thy expressions, as condemned captiues
In a repriue, when Death, with shaking hand,
Doth threaten 'em. Deare Cloris, vse thy power
In my great loue, make mee to show the world,
There is not any thing man calls a blisse
But what is in thee. Wilt thou not command mee?
I cannot thinke thou lou'st mee, as thou sai'st,
If that thou dost not fixe thy sole beleife,
That I do prize no benefitt, this peice
Of transitorie life can yeild to man,
Equall vnto thy loue.

Clo. How am I wretched,
That I must yett refuse so great a blessing!
Sir, I could weepe my eyes out, if your sufferings
Wo'd bee lost with 'em: there is such a vertue
Habituate in you, that it is more hard
For mee to abandon such an noble loue,
Then to confirme my peace of mind for vrging
Vnkindnes from a hart soe full of goodnes:

Duke. What meanes my Cloris?

Clo. I am sorry, sir,
You do not vnderstand mee, for I greiue
To speake more of it, yett I may bee bolder,
For sure there is some hidden power restraines
My will in this affection, elce my blood
Could not be circled in with such a snow!
With greater sorrow, then example can
Show to the eyes of men, I now must begg
You wo'd not loue mee.

Duke. 'Tis a strange request !
And dost thou greiue to begg it toe ?

Clo. I doe.

Duke. 'Tis an odd louing way, to begg the want
Of what you most desire.

Clo. Nay, you may thinke it
Maddnes in mee ; and indeed my mind
Is much perplext, for it doth trouble mee
To speake theise harsh words, more then you to heare 'em.

Duke. This is some new-found way to try my loue ;
Thou can'st not make it greater. Doe not hold mee
In this suspence, it may diminish it—
I am as subiect vnto passions as any other man—
Doe not prouoke mee—
I prithe do not—'tis my loue intreats thee—
Thinke but of that and then thou wilt not change.

Clo. I am not chang'd, sir.

Duke. Noe ! Did'st thou not tell mee
That thou did'st prize mee more then happines ?
Aboue thy life ? equall vnto thy soule ?
And do'st thou now recant ?

Clo. I am the same still,
And euer wil be soe. I feele a dutie
That ties my reuerence to you : I could kneele
As to a father, and heere offer vp
My teares to tell you, that my fate hath otherwise
Dispos'd of mee.

Duke. Yes, I haue found your haunt out,
You doate on Aramant ! I am too old,

Fitter to bee a father then a husband!
Is thy mind so lasciuious? I did thinke
It had bene like thy lookes, without a blemish,
Pure, cleare and innocent; but now I find
Black lust inhabitts there.

Clo. O, say not soe, sir!

Kneels.

Duke. I know not what to say indeed: myne anger
Transports mee soe, and yett I am too calme,
And beare too much. If my loue can doe nothing,
Lett thy ambition moue thee! Is the name
Of dutches in noe more regard? Can that
Not stirr affection? Art thou not a woman?
The dames of Burgundie will blush for thee
When they shall know this. There is something in thee
That calls to my remembrance, I had once
A vertuous wife; for her faire sake I will not
Vse thee with harshnes. Rise; me-thinks thou should'st
Bee kinder to mee, for I cannot choose
But loue thee dearely.

Clo. If the same regard
Holds not my hart in reuerentiall feare
And dutie to your grace, then let mee neuer
Haue libertie to looke vpon you more,
Which if you barr mee from, I shall dye wretched.

Duke. This is the strangest loue that e're was heard,
Thou shouldst affect mee thus, yett shun'st the way
That doth expresse it most.

Clo. I loue your noblenes,
And I could alwayes dwell with such a vertue.

Duke. Come, theise are tricks to putt mee of; I will not
 Foole my selfe out of my desires; thy slownes
 Is fuell to my fire, which all thy teares
 Cannot extinguish. Doe not vrge mee further:
 I shall grow furious—yett I cannot hurt her,
 There dwells such prittie innocencie in her!
 I am resolu'd—Busiro! Who 's without there?

Enter BUSIRO.

Busi. Your grace—

Duke. Bee this your charge, and on your life
 Lett none come nere her. It is fitt that shee
 Should bee a prisoner, that doth captiue mee. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

ROMILIA and MELA.

Rom. Looke that the house be hansome; sweeten the roomes;
 Lay your best things abroad—the lord Busiro
 Will bee heere presently.

Mel. All shal be readie.

Rom. Hee brings the Indies with him: 'tis his purse
 That giues vs meanes to eate, to drinke, to sleepe:
 Hee tyes vp all men's tougnes—a nobleman
 For a protector, and a courtier too,
 Is no meane base to build on.

Mel. But, for the branch of the old tree, Pantarbo,
 What will you do with him?

Rom. I'le mew him vp.

I find the young lord coming, hee may happ
To make vs all. But not a word of him
To the old lord.

Mel. I'm mute.

Rom. About your busines,
And I'le goe visitt my young sickly suckling.
O, 'tis a bucksome boy!

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter PANTARBO in an old night-gowne and capp, with a foule
napkin about his necke.*

Pant. Shame a' your surgerie, if yee call this mending!
My hurt is well enough, 'twas but a scratch:
But now they haue crackt mee betwixt wind and water
A'most past cure. Stay, let me feele my selfe. *Shakes his leggs.*
'Tis reasonable well yett. Troth, Romilia
Is very kind. 'Tis a good wench, I warrant her,
Shee is soe carefull. Heere shee comes—

Enter ROMILIA.

Rom. Sweet lord,
You will take cold; health is a tender thing.
I wo'd not, for the wealth of Burgundie,
You sho'd miscarry heere. Soe braue a courtier,
One so compleately man! Preserue yourselfe:
My house is your's, and so am I; your noblenes
Inflames my hart to serue you.

Pant. Why, I thank yee.
I haue enough, you haue giuen mee enough.

Rom. If any thing bee wanting, lett me know it :
 All that are mine attends yee. Y'are not merry ;
 I do not find mirth sparkling in your eye,
 As it was wont.

Pant. Who, I? I am all fire
 In my affection to thee, deare Romilia.
 I must goe scowre vp one a' old speeches *Aside.*
 To stop her mouth, I shall not be at quiet elce.
 Thy loue to mee is of more price, then number
 Or memorie can value ; such a sweetnes
 The world's impouerisht in, for heere is all
 That man can call a blessing : smiles, wo'd tempt
 Carthusians from their cells : cheekes, lips, and eyes
 Wo'd make proud Loue himself a sacrifice.
 I doe restraine my fluent faculties
 From a full joy, elce my redundant hart
 Could not but bee too silent.

Rom. Now it works. *Aside.*
 This is, my lord, too much the other way ;
 If that you knew at what a deare regard
 I hold your worth, you would not mock your seruant.

Pant. 'Slid! I must now professe what I but ieasted, *Aside.*
 Or I shall marr all—Prithee, pule not, wanton,
 I am in earnest ; th'art a prittie sweeting.
 What I can say, or doe, shall both direct
 Their ends to thee. Come, come, thou knowst I loue thee.

Rom. Then for my sweet, I'le haue delight, with wreathes
 To crowne thy browes. This lint shall vanish hence ;
 Plentie shall deck thy tables, while the waiters

Shall, like so many Bacchanalian nimphe,
Dance thee a Thrasian round.

Pant. This wil bee rare.

Enter MELA.

Rom. How now?

Mel. The lord Busiro's at the door;
Shift my young cub into his hole againe,
Hee'le bee smelt out elce.

Rom. My dearest lord,
I haue the rarest pictures.

Pant. I had rather
Behold the substance.

Rom. You shall see 'em all.
But, pray, keepe warme.

Pant. Theise are the kindest wenches.

Exeunt.

Enter BUSIRO solus.

Busi. Conscience, thou followest mee; I cannot shun thee,
No more then I can shun the wickednes
I haue committed! There's a hell within mee.
Who wo'd bee pollitique? This faire pretence
Guilts many a foule crime o're; and to trust witches,
And make 'em oracles of truth! What diuell
Vrg'd me to this beleife? the sence of theise
I faine wo'd mittigate, and cannot do it
But by addition of as bad; and there's
Another crosse too—my vngratious sonne
I thinke is dead; I haue not heard of him

Since his last hurt. There's nothing now but women
 Can putt new life into mee ; when I see 'em,
 I shall forgett the miseries I suffer,
 As if I had drunke Lethæ. Who's within there ?

Enter ROMILIA, two or three Wenches.

Rom. My gracious lord !

Busi. How now my wanton flippitt ?
 Where are thy ging of sweetnes ? this is mettle
 To coyne young Cupids in. Wo'd each haire
 That fronts this face co'd like a circling serpent
 Twine 'bout your naked limbs ! Alas I'me old,
 But yett I haue a mind as vigorous
 As a hott veined negro. Farewell Care,
 I banish thee for euer ; lett vs sett
 And tast a banquet wo'd make Cleopatra
 A bankrupt to prouide, while from theise cates,
 Like Eson's bath, wee do renew our strength
 To a new world of blish.

Rom. My deare lord's welcome.

Busi. Now I am in my sphere : me thinks I looke
 Like Joue in his bright orbe. O for a dram
 Of that elixar, that made Hercules
 Incounter fiftie maids, and make 'em mothers
 All in one night ! Crowne mee a boule of wine.
 Heere is a health to our great patronesse,
 And her blind son ; lett it goe round.

Rom. More wine.

Busi. Yett this is but a blast, a flash of ioy: *Aside.*

The Inconstant Ladie.

There is a hidden horror in my breast
I cannot shake of.

Rom. What d'ye want, my lord ?

Busi. Nothing ; a toy I thought on. Fill more wine

Rom. Come, Mela, sing the song you studied last.

SONG.

1.

If I were a wanton loue,
I should choose age in my pride,
For a young man will discouer,
What a graue old man will hide ;
Give me age that knowes desire ;
Greene wood make more smoake then fire.

2.

Would I find a man to right mee,
When I haue sustain'd a wrong ;
Age shall do't, that doth delight mee,
Youth is valiant but in tougne ;
Youth, like twigs, each storme will rend,
Age is stiff, and will not bend.

3.

Haue I secretts that opresse mee,
Till I doe my mind impart ;
Age's counsell may redresse mee,
Hee alone shall haue my hart.
Youth is fickle, full of rage,
Light, inconstant ; giue mee age.

Busi. Are you of that mind too?

PANTARBO *above.*

All. Wee all are soe.

Busi. Good girles, good girles!

Pant. O thou old incubus!

Aside.

So many wenches at a clap! 'Tis strange,
One that lookes like the master of Bridewell
Sho'd loue the game soe. How he grins and wehes!
Hee's myne owne father right, a plaine Sir Pecksell,
A gray-rump stallion. I'll preserve thy bones,
When thou art dead; they will bee excellent
For readie propogation.

A knock within.

Mela. Who's that knocks?

Busi. Keepe fast the dore.

Serv. It is one from the duke

Wo'd speake with lord Busiro.

Busi. Hang his busines!

Farwell, farwell, good wenches! I will find

Some other time—I thanke yee, I thanke yee all. *Exeunt.*

Pant. This is some new state trick to keepe th' old man
From his deare recreation. Well, the prouerbe

“Follow thy father, good son!” you heere shall see:

If it bee good for him, 'tis good for mee.

Erit.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Scena Prima.

ANTONIO and TREBUTIO.

Anto. BUT is not Millecert yet heard of?

Treb. Noe.

Anto. Well, 'tis a noble part of him to giue
The land agen ; that is some recompence ;
For 'tis not now in fashion to restore
Ill gotten goods, or 'knowledge iniuries.
Justice, that shelters others, cannot now
Preserue her owne hide in securitie :
Shée's gon at comon law, man.

Treb. What a sea,
A troubled and vnbounded sea this world is
For our great men to wade in.

Anto. Yet they doe
Some things, sometimes, they ha' but little ground for.

Treb. O they diue deepe then.

Anto. They will measure out
This span of life by a long fathome line,
As if it had no end ; and, to tell truth,
All that they doe is to as litle purpose.

Treb. Methinks the duke of late is strangely alter'd.

Anto. Hee is in loue, and that will alter any man.

Treb. Since our good dutches died, he hath not lookt
Vpon a woman that way.

Anto. But the fitt
Is now come on him, and I wonder Cloris
Is so reseru'd ; shee comes of a good straine :
Here sister wo'd not bee soe.

Treb. Heere comes Aramant.

Enter ARAMANT.

Anto. How do's my freind ?

Ara. Sick ! almost mad agen !

Anto. Cannot thy land restore thee ?

Ara. 'Tis but drosse,
And sauers of the minds that are possest wo't.
Can I bee well, and haue my great preseruer
Imprisoned by this rigorous duke ? My soule
Suffers in her affliction. O my freinds,
Thinke but how much I'me bound in gratitude
To loue this harmeles maid ! Call it not change,
Or ficklenes ; brute beasts affect good turnes,
And oft requite 'em—Shall I bee more sauage ?

Treb. If this bee shee, how do you know she loues you ?

Ara. I'me sure 'tis shee, and I know I am bound
Howeuer to loue her ; doe but consider
What she indur'd for mee, when shee expos'd
Her life to wild beasts, and her dearer honor
To men more cruell ! If you haue a charitie,
A loue to goodnes, thinke what this can merrit.

Anto. Come, leaue this whining—y'aue bene vext enough

With one alreadie: can you hope for better
In any of the tribe?

Ara. In her I doe.

Anto. There is no safetie in the sexe.

Ara. Forbeare,

Pri'thee forbeare to say soe. Which of you
Can lett so great a benefitt be lost,
And not find recompence?

Anto. Why, that can I.

Ara. You are hard harted then.

Treb. Here's one to match him.

Enter BUSIRO and EMILIA.

Anto. This is a match indeed wo'd blow mee vp.
Take heed, old gunpowder! Now they are hatching
Cockatrice eggs, and yet they shall not breed
Worse monsters then themselues.

Emil. His name is Gratus,
A man of such parts, as are seldome found
In one of his ranke; doe but heare him speake;
His words caught mee. Your lordship may haue vse
Of such a seruant.

Busi. Madame, for your sake,
Hee shall haue more then ordinarie trust.
I'll put him to bee keeper to your sister.

Emil. And hee'll discharge it well. Now I may bee *Aside.*
Reueng'd on Millecert for sleighting mee.
I ha' the plott all ready, and this Gratus
Shal be my agent. My lord, your fauor

Frames mee for euer your's.

Busi. It is your merrit, ladie.

Anto. Take heed, old lord, you are beseidg'd : there is
A pettard hanging at your port, that breaks
Downe all before it.

Busi. Madame, giue noe eare
To theise vnciuill men. I must withdrawe
Vnto my charge.

Exit.

Emil. I find a shame about mee,
That makes a barr betwixt your innocence
And my great guilt, elce I sho'd aske your pardon ;
But my offences are soe great, they cannot
Hope such a fauor.

Ara. This is prittie language !

Emil. Sir, I haue wrong'd you much, and baffeld yee,
Taken your yonger brother and abus'd him :
I vrge him to forsake mee for some ends,
Which now I much repent of ; and your freinds,
Your noble freinds, (whose vertues I admire
For being constant in calamitie
To those they loue,) shal be a witnes for mee,
How much I loath myselfe.

Ara. If this be serious,
I doe forgiue thee.

Treb. So doe I.

Anto. And I : and that is strange, I sho'd be drawne to 't.
But I'le be sworne I loue thee now.

Emil. Ha, ha, ha !

Anto. Wee are abus'd !

The Inconstant Ladie.

Emil. Yee shotten witted fellowes,
D' yee thinke that I can beare your frumps and ieares
Without reuenge? I wil be armed for yee
At your owne weapon. And you, wandring mastiff,
That baited mee y' my owne house, I'le haue
A fellowship for you y' the beare's colledge,
And haue you tied vp with a studded collar.

Anto. Here's a wench, lads, to fright a constable,
And the whole watch with!

Emil. And for light-braines, your brother,
That now hath purg'd himself of his estate
As well as of his witt, I'le phisick him for 't.
Farewell, good sheepe's-heads! *Exit Em*

Anto. Pry'thee let me beat her;
My fingers ytch.

Treb. Nay, Antonio, you loue her!

Anto. I'le loue a furie first. This is th' old dam of 'e
And if I thought the rage and spight of time
Wo'd blast the world with such another spirit,
I wo'd turne coniurer, and 'countermyne wo'tt.

Ara. Lett vs not thinke of her, not loose a thought
Vpon so wild a creature. I am now
Soe hardned with her follies, that they touch me not.
Betwixt her sister and her ther's strange disparitie,
Nature ne're held greater antipithie.
I must do something for that gentle maid;
The help shee brought mee in my miserie
Claimes the like gratitude.

Anto. 'Tis dangerous—

Ara. For those that feare; but I will sett her free,
Or bee her partner in captiuitie. *Exeunt.*

*Scena Secunda.**Enter SERUANT.*

Serv. Since my lord entertain'd his last new seruant
I can haue no admittance: hee's a fauorit
At the first dash; I feare there is small good
Intended, that Emilia did prefer him;
I do not like that skirtfoist. Leave your bouncing!

Knock without.

My lord 'le bee out on's witts to see this swarme
Of suitors knocking at the gates. Bee quiett, *Knock.*
Or hee will quiet yee. Who wo'd be great
To be thus hated? They do curse and sweare
To pull him out of's house. They will be righted. *Knock.*
Knock till your harts ake: if the people's voice
Can make men guilty, hee is soe. Hee comes heere,
And his new seruant with him.

*Enter BUSIRO; MILLECERT disguis'd.**Busi.* What's the matter?

Without. My lord, our case is desperate; wee must speake
wi' yee.

Busi. I will not heare yee; neuer was man
Pester'd with raskalls soe.

Without. Giue vs our due then.*Busi.* Go, tell the duke; I doe defie you all:

The Inconstant Ladie.

Hee's y' the groues.

Without. Wee thanke you yett for this. *Exit S*

Busi. Looke the dores be fast ; this scum of people
Doth vex mee terribly—but to our busines.
Hast thou the art to tie the female fancie
To the beleife of thy alluring tougne ?

Mille. No magick stronger ; let mee but haue time
And place, the instruments whereby wee worke,
And, like a subtill ingenier, myne art
Shall vndermyne 'em ; not a chastitie
Shall haue the power to stand the batterie
Of my temptations.

Busi. But how do you this ?

Mille. Why not the woman's way, your female baud,
To tempt 'em with new gownes, rings, or such toyes,
Or warme their cold bloods with the ambition
To bee a great man's mistris ; that's too comon.

Busi. This is a cunning fellow.

Mille. No ; my way
Is more sublime. When I ha' found her humor,
I'le creepe into her heart, and cloth my words
Soe suitable vnto her owne desires,
Mixt with such innocencie and smooth language,
It shall not find resistance ; nay, sometimes
Drawe teares to win beleife, till the warme dropps
Soften the virgin waxe, and make it take
Any impression.

Busi. Wee shall try your skill.
Haue you bene yett with Cloris ?

Mille. Yes, my lord.

Busi. How doe you find her?

Mille. 'Tis a gentle sweetnes.

Busi. May shee be wonne?

Mille. No doubt, my lord.

Busi. The duke

Loues her extreamely. May shee not be drawne
To loue an old man too?

Mille. With no great difficultie.

Sin, thou art euer youthfull!

Aside.

Busi. Why should I

Add more vnto my crimes?

Aside.

Enter THE DUKE.

Duke. How now, Busiro!

Is this the man?

Busi. It is, my gracious lord.

Duke. And wilt thou vndertake so great a taske
With perill of thy life?

Mille. I'le doe my best, sir.

Duke. Thou run'st a dangerous hazard. 'Tis more easie
To plough the frozen North, and force a way
Vnto the Eastern world; or scale the Alpes,
When the cold Eurus, with his snowy wings,
Doth couer their rough topps, then alter Cloris
In her most firme resolues.

Mille. Yett I will venture.

Duke. What is thy name?

Mille. Gratus.

The Inconstant Ladie.

Duke. Go on then, Gratus,
And vse what skill thou can'st to make her loue mee.
I need not teach thee what to say, thou hast
An art beyond mee ; for my elloquence,
Like a rude blast of wind beating against
That marble-harted heauen, doth find resistance,
So that it onely serues to fann my fires :
But pri'thee vse her gently ; do not hurt her—
I wo'd not haue her hurt for all the blessings
This world affords. Busiro, I must chide you ;
I cannot bee at quiet for complaints
That come against you.

Busi. 'Tis your highnes' fauor
That pulls this enuie on mee.

Duke. So you say still.
But it behoues a prince that wo'd be iust
To search the corners of corrupted courts,
Which oft contract foule matter. The sun's beames
Sometimes produces serpents, wormes and monsters,
Yett 'tis not his fault, but the soyle's distempers
Whereon his beames reflect ; for otherwise
His light doth cherish and reuiue. Soe fauors
Proceeding from a prince may bee abus'd,
And proue obnoxious. Take heed, old man !

Busi. My lord, they are a people full of mallice
That thus informes you, opposit to greatnes,
And swolne with enuie breake out to distroy
What you haue planted. But my seruices—

Duke. No more, I do beleeeue thee. Now, good Grat

Attend thy busines, thou shalt find mee thankfull :
 But still be faithfull, or expect the furie
 Of an abused prince. *Exeunt DUKE and BUSIRO.*

Mille. I waigh it not—

My life I value meanely, soe I may
 Repaire the wrongs my noble brother suffers.
 The woman's yoke I haue shak'd of, and giuen him
 His land agen, but that is not enough.
 I heard that hee lou'd Cloris and shee him,
 Therefore I tooke this shape, and made my way
 To lord Busiro. Little thinks Emilia,
 Whome shee did recommend. O woman, woman !
 What fatall tempest droue mee on this rock,
 Vnhappie that I am ?

Enter ARAMANT.

Who's this ? my brother !

Hee shall not know mee, till I doe appeare
 More louely to him.

Ara. Heere about it is ;
 Within theise rotten walls there lyes inclos'd
 The world's cheife beautie. Cloris, my faire saint,
 It is thy patient calls. I'le gett some ladders
 Shall reach to my desires. Where are my witts ?
 My loue and gratitude is dull and stupid.

Mille. Who 's there ?

Ara. I am discouer'd.

Drawes.

Mille. Sir, this place
 Is, by the duke's command, prohibited.

Ara. Stand further of! The duke may chaine my bodie,
But cannot keepe my mind from mounting with
The wings of loue vnto this place of rest.

Mille. Are you not Aramant?

Ara. The same.

Mille. I pittie yee
For your great iniuries: putt vp your sword;
Your worth hath made a place within my breast
That time shall not demolish.

Ara. May I trust thee?
Thou art a stranger to mee.

Mille. Lett the obiect
You do incounter next beare witnes for mee,
How much I prise your loue.

Exit.

Ara. This fellow may
Betray mee to the duke, but I'me resolu'd
To beare the worst of mallice.

Enter CLORIS.

"Tis faire Cloris!

My angell guardian! How shall I appeare
Before you, madame, to expresse a mind.
Thankfull for all your mercies? If there bee
Any thing in mee capable of gratitude
Your charitie gaue it life; you fram'd mee new,
Built mee from ruines—This poore tenement
Had perished, and bene vnfitt for euer
For Reason to abide in, if your goodnes
Had not repair'd it, for which I must owe you
All that I doe, or euer can, call happie.

Clo. Are you the iniur'd Aramant, that drawes
A pittie from all eyes?

Ara. Madame, I am
That Aramant that calls them happie howers
That gaue his crosses birth, since they deriue
A pittie from such sweetnes.

Clo. 'Tis true, Aramant,
Your many wrongs did worke vpon my easines,
And mou'd compassion. Your iniuries
I suffer'd with as much affliction,
As if they 'had bene my owne. Judge mildly of mee,
'Twas a meere pittie.

Ara. Giu 't some other name—
Call it, deare saint, a loue, and make the ioy
You haue inspir'd into mee such a comfort
As none can wonder at, but those that haue
Arriued at so much blisse.

Clo. Alas, my loue
Can yeild small benefitt vnto your wishes;
I am a pris'ner heere, and who doth know
If theise vnhappie eyes shall euer blesse
The ayre you breath in more.

Ara. Then I shall take
A sad leaue of my selfe: I must confesse
You may misdoubt my faith, because your cares
Haue not bene pester'd yett with protestations;
But I want art to make my loue suspected,
For they, that marke my words, may trace their stepps
Along the snowie path of innocence

The Inconstant Ladie.

Vnto a loyall heart.

Clo. I thinke yee noble.

Ara. And lett not my credulitie begett
Beleife in you, that I am apt to change,
Because I did once fix my mind vpon
Your worthlesse sister : ther 's a higher power
That doth dispose my loue now ; 'tis a loue
Aboue joy, pleasure, or delight ;
Without feare, ielousie, or appetite.
Then doe not shame to name it, and that word,
That litle word, will add a spirit vnto mee
Aboue all power of man, equall to it selfe.

Clo. But dare you trust a woman ? I had thought
My sister's wickednes had blasted all
Respect vnto the sex.

Ara. O neuer, madame,
When it comes guarded with such innocence !
I must confesse, if your faire vertues had not
Giuen a new stamp vnto the rugged thoughts
That crosse-peece of your sex imprinted in mee,
I should haue buried all my hopes in her,
Which now reuiue in you.

Clo. Bee not too confident,
Before you find iust cause. And yett you may,
For I will ne're proue false.

Ara. Will you be mine then ?
Why should I aske more ? I will tak't as granted.
Lett me be found but worthie of this blessing,
And I shall thinke my crosses were but stepps

Vnto this height of joy.

Clo. But ther 's no hope
Of freedome from this prison, for the duke
Solicites howerly, by all meanes, to shake
My fixed thoughts, which seeke no other obiect.

Ara. I know his loue is arm'd with violence :
For princes iudge of all things by their lusts,
And measure loue by will, as if it were
To be constrain'd, like the hott sun that burnes
What it might cherish with a gentle warmth.
They will, because they will; and doe confine
Others to lawes which they themselues neglect.
O, where is justice, that thou causelessly
Should'st be imprison'd? Such a horrid parent
Can ne're begett loue, though a monster like it.

Clo. Mistake not, sir; for if there be a vertue
That man can iustly call his owne, it dwells
In this most noble prince. 'Tis true hee loues mee;
And that great power, that doth distinguish loue
In his effects, makes mee loue him agen.
Be not you sad at this—it is his goodnes,
That, with a free soule, I admire and loue.
A secret inspiration touches mee
With reuerence to his person; and if you
Had not possesst my heart before, I should
Esteeme this seruitude the greatest freedome,
That e're I co'd attaine to.

Ara. I am chang'd then—
For I had strange thoughts hammering in my breast,

The Inconstant Ladie.

That prompted mee to vndertake a way
For thy deliuerie, through the jawes of danger.

Clo. Thinke not of any thing beares such a front,
But let time worke. Beleeue mee, ther's noe prison,
No power, nor no respect, no life, no death,
Nor any thing that may invite, or threat,
Shall hinder mee from truly loving thee.
Doe I not blush to speake theise words ?

Ara. They are
Like gold refin'd by triall. Cease, my ioyes,
And prize this vertue rightly to the value ;
Tell her my actions shall—

Clo. Peace, here's my keeper—

Enter MILLECERT.

Yett hee's a good man, and doth promise mee
His best assistance.

Ara. O, my worthie freind,
How shall I merrit this ?

Mille. Lett not that trouble yee:
When you shall find my seruice meet your wishes,
Esteeme mee then. For this time I must part you ;
I feare the coming of some visitants.
I must be circumspect—the next occasion
Expect a happier meeting.

Clo. Farewell, Aramant,
Thinke of poore Cloris. *Exeunt CLORIS and MILLECERT*

Ara. Louely saint, farwell.
Thinke of poore Cloris ! When my thoughts shall leaue

So sweet an apprehension, lett this clodd
 Of earth, that doth inclose 'em, fall to dust !
 I'le thinke of thee, and raise a spirit vp
 Shall toyle for thee, for I will either haue
 Thy freedome, or prepare myselfe a graue.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter EMILIA and MILLECERT.

Emil. This is the place ; I'le knock. Gratus, well mett ;
 How do's thy charge ?

Mille. Hard harted to the duke still.

Emil. It speakes her pride and folly ; shee deserues not
 So great a fortune ; the pure adamant
 Turnes to the eleuated North, but shee
 Is counterfett, and the disparitle
 Betwixt their bloods doth draw her courser nature
 To this disvnion ; 'tis the hand of Fate
 To keepe the duke from coupling with such basenes.

Mille. Shee is your sister, madame.

Emil. I dispise her ;
 Shee hath no part of blood in mee, but borrowes
 The name of sister onely ; were shee noble,
 It would appeare in this ; for noblenes
 Finds out its proper object.

Mille. Then how came you
 To call her sister ?

Emil. I did euer thinke
 Shee was so, till my father on his death-bed

The Inconstant Ladie.

Told me, he found her (being a litle child
Wrapt in a mantle) in the groues of Cloris,
(From whence shee had her name,) being expos'd tl
Vnto the fury of wild beasts: hee bred her
(I being then but young) as his owne daughter,
And dying left vs equall portions;
But her great beautie adding to my anger
To see my selfe so mated by an outcast,
When hee was dead, I kept her close from viewe,
"Till shee stole from mee—and this is Cloris.

Mille. Shee may bee basely-borne then?

Emil. 'Tis my feare,
Which made mee breake this to thee. Thou art wi
And hast the duke's eare; 'tis not fitt his greatnes
Should be diminisht thus, to match with one,
That may add shame to his posteritie,
And lay a brand vpon his name! I charge thee,
As thou dost prize his well growne happines,
Put out this soudaine flame.

Mille. The duke's affection
Is violent, and I shall run a hazard
Equall to ruine, if I should neglect
His strickt command.

Emil. Turne it some other way then.
Let the swift currant of his loue find out
A nobler source. Wilt thou be secret, Gratus?
Thy lookes are full of honestie; I dare
Vnrip my breast to thee—I loue the duke!

Mille. I smell this changeling out; she blasts her

To grow herselfe.

Aside.

Emil. And it is in thy power
To meet my wishes. Can'st thou not convert
That loue to mee, that hee doth beare to Cloris?
Me thinks 'twere easie.

Mille. To be dam'd—Why, madame,
Ther's danger in such enterprises; how
Can't possibly bee effected?

Aside.

Emil. You may feed
The duke with hope of Cloris' loue, and when
His expectation is drawne high, how soone
May his desires be changed by the object!
I am not much lesse faire.

Mille. But I haue heard,
You haue a husband, lady, nobly borne,
Whose spirit will neuer brooke to meet a riual,
Or yeild to any second.

Emil. Hee's a foole,
An narrow harted man, and my spirit cannot
Stoope to such weaknes; meaner thoughts are fitter
For his cold temper, mine are fram'd for princes;
The great duke now is all my ayme; I am
Me thinks inthron'd already, and the great ones
Pay homage to mee, while my Gratus shall
Diuide the pretious spoile with his Emilia:
Wee'le part our glorie. Wilt thou work for mee?

Mille. This I will promise you, the duke shall neuer
Inioy faire Cloris.

Emil. Doe but add the rest,

The Inconstant Ladie.

And be it thyne honor to creat a dutches
To bee thy seruant.

Mille. I'le do something for you.

Quench not my reason, (frailtie;) 'tis a woman,
I should run mad elce; but in this is heap'd
The whole contracted venome of the sex;
Yet shee shall help to salue this wound, as poison
Doth cleare distempers; Cloris shall be free,
And rescued by her greatestemie.—
I ha' bene studying for you, madame, and
Find your's the best way; you shall vrge the duke
For leaue to visitt Cloris, with pretence
Of pleading for him; which effected, 'tis
But a mistake to bring him to your bed
Instead of her's, and hee shall think it Cloris.
But to dispose of her—

Emil. Leaue that to mee.

Exit Em

Mille. But I will watch yee; for thou shalt not bee
Wicked by my meanes. This inconstant woman
Persues her falcehood, wil be true to no man.

Enter BUSIRO.

Busi. Gratus, how goes it now? the duke's impatient
Of theise delayes.

Mille. My lord, shee doth begin
To melt alreadie. Pray, inform his highnes
There is a ioy approaching, that will raise
His drooping spirits.

Busi. But a sadnes must

Possesse my breast ; nothing can cure my greife.

Mille. How do's your lordship ? are you well ? distempers
Are but a superfluitie of humour,
That in the growth wil be disperc'd : but once
Growne to a head may proue incurable—
Bee well aduis'd.

Busi. I wo'd I had bene soe.

Mille. Heere is some hidden thing I must worke out. *Aside.*
The bodies' greifs (my lord) want not their cures
Either to discipate, or to preuent
Th' insuing ills ; the minds that are sublime
And more elated, working on its passions,
Doth find best cure in counsell ; I haue skill
In both : you great men run a hazard
Daring and dangerous ; if your consciences
Fall sick and faint, they may be comforted
By good aduice ; it is the prop that keepes 'em
From swift precipitation, which missing,
Their owne waight beares 'em downe.

Busi. I haue bene wicked.

Mille. Vnload yourselfe of that great burthen to mee,
And I may bring you ease.

Busi. I thinke thee honest,
And thou shalt know my heart. Let vs withdrawe.

Mille. If't bee not treason, I wil be your cabinet. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Scena Prima.

ARAMANT, ANTONIO, and TREBUTIO.

Ara. **N**AY, it is true.

Anto. It is the strangest storie
That e're I heard, to haue a woman, young,
In her cheife height of pride, arm'd with a beautie
Wo'd giue ambition life, refuse a prince,
And one of his worth—if this be no fable,
I'le be converted, and confesse, I haue
Abused the sex.

Treb. But put the case, shee loues you;
You meet a danger in depriuing of
The duke of his desires, equall to death.

Ara. Were it as certaine as the hand of Fate,
I wo'd incounter it. This life is poore,
And wants as much of true felicitie,
As there is hell to be depriued of her;
Lett danger meet mee in the ruggedst way,
Her looks will smooth it.

Anto. Well, wee'le venture wi' yee,
And beare some share of losse in this great ruine:
You shall not sinke alone.

Ara. But Gratus sayes,
Hee'le stand betwixt vs and the prince's anger,

And beare the waight of all.

Anto. That's as strange too,
A miracle to mee: to haue a stranger,
Bound by no tie of dutie or allyance,
Vnknowne, but in this act, ingage himselve
To an apparent ruine; 'tis a wonder
Ages of time produce not, and I thinke it
Rather some plott for your distruction.

Ara. Come what will come, I'le venture! Time drawes on
That wee must meet.

Treb. Go then, and bee as happie,
As thou art confident.

Anto. Wee will fall with thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter EMILIA and MILLECBERT.

Emil. Cloris, thou neuer more shalt trouble vs.
Now shee is dead, the duke will bury with her
All his affection. Where's the breathles trunke?

Mille. I threw it downe into a precipice,
Where it shall neuer rise 'till the last summons.

Emil. There lett her rest, while I prepare myselfe
For this great entertaynment; I do feele
My blood, like to a swelling streame, rise high,
And time is dull, that binds it.

Mille. I am thinking
What wee shall answere to excuse the murder,
If the duke should find out you are not Cloris.

Emil. Tell him shee 'skapt away. Where are thy spirits?

Mille. I am prepar'd—Make readie Cloris' bed,
And fitt yourselfe; the duke will straite bee heere.

Emil. Leaue that to mee. *Exit EMILIA.*

Mille. What horrid nature strain'd
This mortall fury into humane shape?
The soule of that blest innocent her sister
Had fled to ayre by a strong venomb'd poison,
If my preuention had not bene as actiue
As her abhor'd intent.

Enter ARAMANT, ANTONIO, and TREBUTIO.

Ara. Here hee is—Gratus,
Where is my Cloris?

Mille. You are come as wisht for;
The time is ripe—Come forth thou starr of beautie
From that obscuritie, and tell the world,

Enter CLORIS.

They wander much, that doe not fixe on thee—
Shift for yourselues now, I haue done my part.

Ara. What will become of thee?

Mille. No matter what.

Ara. How shall I recompence thy loue? What merrit
Can equall thy deserving?

Mille. 'Tis a dutie
You may claime from mee; I do but requite you:
And yett I hope it is the better change. *MILLECERT discovers.*

Ara. My brother!

Anto. Millecert!

Treb. 'Tis strange !

Ara. I'me poore,
And shall dye wretched to the world, before
I find a gratitude to equall this.
I am thy double debtor ; thou did'st pay mee
In thy repentance, I did wish no more :
The land, thou didst restore, did burthen mee ;
But this act layes so great a waight vpon mee,
That, in my happines, I am but miserable.

Mille. Doe not afflict your selfe soe, for my ioy,
That I haue made you this small recompence,
Is equall vnto yours, if not exceeds it :
Make mee not sadd agen in trifling out
The time in words—Away !

Ara. I will not budge
A foot without thee. Shall I leaue my brother,
Nay more my freind, expos'd to the duke's furie
For mee, and I in safetie ? What shield,
What armor can defend my name from infamie ?

Mille. You'le loose yourselfe elce, for I must stay heere
To keepe the duke from the adulterate sheetes
Of foule Emilia. You 'scapt well, madame ;
Shee thinks you dead.

Clo. And so indeed I had bene,
Had not you showne more worth, then I find merrit.

Mille. Pray you be gon—The duke's time is approaching.

Ara. I shal bee loathsome to the eyes of men,
If I forsake thee. Goe with my freinds,
My dearest Cloris ; I will suffer with him.

The Inconstant Ladie.

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Clo. And so will I with you.

Mille. I'me sorry now,
I did disclose myselfe.

Anto. Come, bee aduis'd.

Mille. Sir, I beseech you, vrge him. My disguise
May further my escape; and if I liue,
Within this hower you shall not faile to find mee
At Aubin's cloister.

Anto. Take his word.

Ara. Farwell;

And if you come not then, expect mee heere. *Exeunt.*

Mille. 'Tis now about the time the duke appointed
To meet his ioyes; but I must arme myselfe
Against his furie, for I will preuent
Emilia's lust, and, may bee, shun the danger
Of his displeasure. Danger cannot fright,
Vnlesse black guiltines putts out the light. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

EMILIA, with a vaile on her face, lying on a bed.

Enter DUKE and MILLECERT.

Duke. Gratus, thou bring'st mee to my happines,
And I shall find out thine. Waite there without.

Exit MILLECERT.

Shee sleepes! What harmeles innocence abides
In this faire mansion, where no horrid crimes
Flutter with bloodie wings, to dissipate

The soule's sweet quiet? Heere soft calmenes dwells,
 And all the pleasures poets' wandering fancies
 Haue framed in Elyzium. If my loue
 Did not pertake of passion more then reason,
 I should esteeme it happines enough
 To gaze vpon her thus.

Emil. Who's there? my lord?

Duke. It is thy freind, and loue, my gentle Cloris.

Emil. Oh, sir! I dare not looke abroad: the light
 Wo'd but betray my blushes; do not glorie
 In a maid's weakenes, though I be your conquest.

Duke. Bright day shall tell the world, that thou deseru'st
 To raise posteritie vnto a dukedome.

Emil. Create mee what you please.

Enter MILLECERT.

Mille. Where is the duke?

Cloris is muredred, muredred, poison'd
 By this inhumane woman heere, her sister.

Duke. What rage is this?

Emil. The villaine will betray all!

Mille. It was her plott to gett your highnes' leaue
 To visett her for hate, not loue; and heere
 Shee exercised her pois'ning art, that shee
 Might take her place in your desired imbraces;
 Shee wo'd be dutches; shee's in loue with honor;
 And promis'd mee, if I wo'd giue assistance
 To her vnchast ends, I should reape some fruits
 In this great haruest; there is noe limite

To her vnbounded lust. I hope this shame
And feare will worke on her.

Aside.

Duke. What fury's this?

Vnshroud thyselfe thou night-rauen; do not fill
My soule with prodigies—Where is my Cloris?

Emil. O, I am guiltie—Shee is dead, but I
Liue to bee miserable!

Duke. Then thou hast rob'd mee
Of all my happines at once. Did Nature
In her rich treasure frame such perfection
For barbarous suffering? Breake out, my teares!
And giue her passage to those happie shades,
Where blessed soules abide; shee goes to tell vs,
There was no difference 'twixt heauen's winged traine
And her vnspotted innocence, but this,
That diuells cannot hurt them; but to her
They haue bene too, too cruell.

Mille. If my brother
Were not ingag'd in this, the duke's great passion
Wo'd moue mee to disclose all.

Duke. Hold my hand
Misguided Reason, least thy iniured rage
Sho'd make thee breake, and spend thy furie on
This wicked woman; but the edge of justice
Shall fall with all its waight vpon her head.

Mille. I haue ingag'd myself too farr; her ruine
Must not succeed by this; there is a way,
That may recouer all yett.

Duke. Who's without there?

Enter BUSIRO, SERVIUS, and TONSUS.

Busiro, Seruius, all come in, and bring
Teares in your eyes, or if they haue no moisture,
Lett 'em drop out, for shame they could not pay
A tribute to such pittie.

Busi. What's the matter ?

Duke. Cloris is dead ! my prittie Cloris, poison'd ;
And by her cruell sister.

Busi. Shame of woman !

Duke. Nay, 'tis a shame to all humanitie,
That shee should suffer thus. Why sho'd not goodnes
For euer dwell among vs ? 'Tis vniust,
That the same instrument of death sho'd strike
The good, and badd. Is there no better gard,
No more defence for vertue ? Then the vertuous
Subsist with disadvantage, for they neuer
Attempt such wicked crimes. But where's the bodie ?
Goe, fetch the bodie hether, that I may
Embalme it with my teares ; there is no drugg,
Noe incense like true sorrowe.

Mille. I am now

Put to my shifts ; what shall I say ? My lord,
I haue another accusation
Against the lord Busiro, that requires
A present hearing.

Duke. Why d'yee trouble mee ?

Heere is enough of this ; this is a storie
Will rob mee of all pittie, and insence
My mind to crueltie in future actions.

Mille. But this is worse.

Duke. It is impossible ;

Hell cannot find a horror to produce
An act soe vile as this. Search the black booke
Of sullen Fate, where crimes are character'd,
Just as they are committed, freshe and bleeding,
And in that burning catalogue you cannot
Example this.

Mille. Yett, doe but heare mee speake.

Duke. Bee breife then in thy speech, and fright mee not
With deathes and murders ; lett thy tougne speake comfort.

Busi. Wilt thou betray mee, slaue ?

Mille. No ; it is treason,
If I conceale such mischeife—Had you not
A daughter cal'd Bellaura ?

Duke. Yes ; shee died,
Going from Chalon castle to Besancon,
Of an impostume, being but a child.

Mille. This cruell and hard-harted man Busiro,
Tought with the guilt of conscience, did confesse
To mee, he hir'd a slaue to make away
That prittie innocent.

Busi. Heauen, thou art iust !
Vrge me no further, sir ; I did it.

Duke. Yes—
Torture shall wring from thee, what was the cause,
That did provoke thy black and bloodie soule
To such a sin.

Busi. Hee knowes all—lett him speake it.

Mille. My lord, hee told mee, he was much addicted
 To diuination, and did striue to know
 Th' euent of things, soe that he did converse
 With witches, sorcerers, astrologers,
 Which calculated men's natiuities,
 And as they did oppose his ends, they suffred.
 Among the rest, a witch told him, Bellaura
 Sho'd bee his ruine, if she liu'd, which made him
 Attempt this crueltie, telling your highnes,
 Shee dyed of an impostume by the way.

Duke. Haue you more greife to add to my dispaire?
 Giue me a third, and bring this feeble flesh
 To find a graue out. Where are all your witchcrafts,
 Your incantations now? The deuill's cunning,
 All his inventions are deceites; hee told you,
 That, if shee liu'd, shee should be your distruction;
 And shall shee not bee soe too, in her death?
 Will Heauen hide murder?

Busi. O my guilt!

Emil. And mine!

Duke. Heere are a paire of the most cursed creatures,
 That euer earth bred. Search the wildernes,
 Whose rugged pathes are tract with horrid shapes,
 More vgly and deformed then the tounes
 Of trauellers could e're deuise to make 'em,
 And theise are monsters to 'em; theise haue soules,
 That make 'em much more wretched. Slaue, haue I
 Protected thee against the iust complaints
 Of my wrong'd subjects? Now I must beleue

The Inconstant Ladie.

Thy smiles were crimes, what were thy cruelties?
Call for a guard—Wee will giue sentence.

Enter GUARD.

Mille. Hold—

I must now take the ruine on myselfe *As*
To saue her from distruction that doth hate mee.

Duke. Why dost thou bid mee hold?

Mille. Do not proceed
To sentence yett: th' intent is not the act—
Cloris yett liues.

Duke. Where is shee?

Mille. Shee is gon.

Duke. Thou told'st mee, that Emilia poison'd her.

Mille. And soe shee had, if my preuention
Had not bene quick and cunning.

Emil. Blessed hower!
Thou didst deceyue mee? Wo'd, my tears co'd wash
My crimes away.

Mille. I like that sorrow well.

Duke. Thou triffl'est with mee, but to raise myne anger,
And make the waight the greater. Where is Cloris?
Find her agen, or if there be a torment,
That may exceed the sence, thy soule shall feele it.

Mille. You cannot fright mee, sir; I am resolu'd.

Enter ANTONIO, TREBUTIO, ARAMANT, and CLORIS.

My brother come and Cloris! then I must *As*
Discouer all.

Ara. Wee heard you were ingaged,
Which made vs hast.

Mille. Heere is your louely Cloris.

Duke. 'Tis shee indeed. Art thou aliuie agen,
Thou greatest blessing of the world! The wealth,
And treasure that men toyle for, is a triffle
Compar'd to thee. Heere I do hold a iewell,
That princes shall not purchase with their teares.
I'le bee thy keeper now myselfe; no hands,
With harts more barbarous, shall graspe this sweetnes,
But soft and gentle touches, such as loue
From his owne store alowes.

Mille. Brother, feare not. Cloris,
The streame will turn agen.

Duke. No poisons now,
Noe, not the venombe of a tougne shall touch
Thy hallowed name; thou shalt be plac'd aboue
The reach of black-iaw'd mallice. Hold, my breast!
Containe my happines! When I behold thee,
I feele a ioy, that reuells in my blood.
Thy countenance doth harbor such a comfort,
That it doth take away from all the greife
My soule can bee possest of.

Anto. Heere's small hope,
Me'thinks, for Aramant.

Treb. I n'ere saw lesse.

Duke. Heere stands a guiltie one, as full of sinne,
As mischeife can deuise. Thou shalt be iudge,
If that I haue not cause to cut this vicer

That grew so nere my heart—Proceede to iustice.

Mille. Hold once agen !

Duke. Thy voice is omenous.

Mille. It brings sweet comfort now.

Duke. O, speake it then,

And make my ioy excede my greife, for yett

They are in equall ballance.

Mille. The faire Cloris

Is not Emilia's sister, but Bellaura.

Duke. How know'st thou this ?

Mille. By circumstance, yet now

Fully confirm'd in't ; for Emilia

Thinking to blast the loue you bore to Cloris,

And turne it on herselfe, out of the rancor

And mallice of her mind, told mee, this ladie

Was but an outcast, not her sister : howe

Her father found her, being a litle child,

Within the groues of Cloris, and Busiro

Did there expose the sweet Bellaura :

It seemes, the slaue hee sent had not the heart

To murder her. The times I haue computed,

And they hitt iust ; and you may find more signes,

That may confirme it.

Duke. Is this true ?

Emil. This scarff was found about her, and some other things
Which I haue still preseru'd.

Duke. If it bee shee,

There is a strange blew marke vpon her arme—

'Tis shee ! the wiser powers sett this print on thee

Knowing thy hard fate. This is my Bellaura.
 This scarff too was thy mother's; I remember it :
 It was—it was—my daughter! My Bellaura!
 I knew there was some secrett, hidden vertue
 Forc'd mee to loue thee. Wilt thou still bee Cloris?
 Or my Bellaura? Which shall I loue best?
 My blessing on thee!

Clo. The same force of loue
 Wrought in my breast, for I did honor you
 With as much zeale, as dutie could inforce
 From an obedient child.

Duke. Thou did'st expresse it. *MILLECERT discovers.*
 But why did'st thou conceale this from mee? Millecert!

Emil. My much abused husband! with what shame
 Can I behold him?

Busi. All the powers of vertue
 Reward thee for thy newes.

Mille. When I had found it,
 I purposed to conceale it, 'till my brother
 Had maryed Cloris, for I fear'd your highnes
 Might otherwise preuent it.

Duke. T'had bene death to abuse mee soe.

Mille. That co'd not fright mee, sir,
 So I did satisfie my brother's wrongs.

Anto. Heere is some change.

Treb. This may goe well.

Duke. Bellaura
 Is the heire of princes, and shee must find out
 A nobler husband.

The Inconstant Ladie.

Clo. Sir, lett mee kneele heere, *She* |
And growe for euer at your feet, to begg
I may be still an outcast. Do not make mee
Happie by such aduancement, and so soone
Depriue mee of all ioy! lett me not bee,
If not bee Aramant's.

Duke. You must bee rul'd.

Clo. Lett mee not lay a blemish on our sex ;
Man shall not haue th' aduantage to condemne
All women for Inconstancie ; I lou'd him,
Intirely lou'd him, when I was but Cloris,
And I must loue him, though I bee Bellaure—
Speake comfort to mee.

Duke. Rise. *She*

Treb. Heere's a sweet soule.

Anto. Women, I am a' your side now.

Ara. My lord,

The truth that I shall speake will but appeare
Vaine glorie in mee, if I tell the world,
There is no drop of blood within theise veines,
But run from noble fountaines—Yet my worth
Cannot deserue Bellaure, 'tis your goodnes—

Duke. No more. Thou hast bene wrong'd, and now
The heauenly powers do point the out this blessing
To recompence thy sufferings ; therefore take her,
And all the deare ioyes love afford light on yee.

All. And sweet peace crowne your vertues.

Duke. For this wretch

Myne anger bates its edge. I'le ha' no blood

Spilt at theise nuptials ; yett the deuill's fallacie
 Shall hold in this : Bellaure's borne to bee
 Thy ruine, living ; soe shee had bene too,
 If thou hadst mured her : theise subtilties
 Delude abused soules, that loue to follow
 Forbidden pathes. Thy life is sau'd by banishment,
 But all thy goods the lawes shall seize vpon ;—
 And for you, ladie, I do wish, you could
 Find a repentance.

Emil. I will seek't with teares,
 And in those liquid streames bath this foule body
 To make it white agen. Farewell for euer !
 First to my iniur'd husband ; then to all !
 I'll creepe into some cloister, where you neuer
 Shall see mee more ; there lett me find your charitie,
 I cannot hope your pardon, (though no act
 Hath stain'd my soule with guilt). If you do heare
 I die a penitent, let fall a teare
 In pittie of mee, and my greiued spirit
 Will rest in peace.

Anto. If this bee fiction toe,
 It is well acted.

Treb. Nay, shee's now in earnest.

Duke. Emilia, wee will all be suitors for thee,
 And make this a new mariage. Try her, Millecert ;
 Repentance neuer comes to late.

Ara. Clo. Deare brother,
 Make this a day of ioy.

All. Wee all do begg it.

The Inconstant Ladie.

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Mille. Come, my Emilia ;
With as much loue, as when our first thoughts mett,
Doe I imbrace thee ; dry thy blubberd eyes,
For through those christall casements I do see,
Thou hast a greiued soule.

Emil. I must retire ;
My faults will blush to looke vpon the light.

Mille. Thou shalt not goe, vnles thou quit'st thy goodnes
For when such pearly iewells deck thyne eyes,
Thou art a fitt companion for the saints.
I'll loue the better for thy being lost.

Emil. But dare you trust mee ?

Mille. Yes.

Emil. Then you shall see
A reform'd life, and a strange change in mee.

Ara. Sweet peace attend yee—Now, my noble freinds,
That quit not freindship in aduersitie,
I may requite your loues.

Anto. Treb. Wee are your seruants.

Clo. And, sister, I must thinke of honest Lauia :
Nay, wee are sisters still.

Emil. O dearest ladie !

Anto. But what's become of my fine speaking lord ?
You went to visit him.

Treb. Why, hee is safe ;
Romilia, and hee, I thinke, will neuer part.

Enter PANTARBO in a thin garbe, ROMILIA following.

Serv. Is not this hee ?

Anto. 'Tis hee, or elce his ghost.

Pant. This spirit hants mee. O, for some neat beadle
With charmes to lay her downe. There's not a mite
Of marrow in my bones left—O, my back—

Rom. I'll back your lordship, ne're a freind you haue
Will back yee soe.

Pant. Y'haue made a colt of mee,
And tir'd mee too, broke mee of all my tricks,
And you may lead mee now in a twine-thrid.
O—O—my back!

Duke. Who's this?

Anto. The lord Pantarbo.

Duke. Hee is much chang'd.

Anto. Hee keepes a vaulting schole,
And come to showe his merri-trix.

Busi. My shame.

Pant. Nay, father; I haue trod your very steps;
What sonne co'd bee more dutifull? now help mee,
Or I am lost.

Rom. My lord, I sue for iustice;
Hee is my husband, ioyn'd by all loue's rights,
And now hee wo'd vntie the knott.

Anto. With reuerence!

Duke. Pantarbo, is it soe?

Pant. I must confesse,
I had some speeches, that did treat of loue,
Which I did speake to her in ieast; shee vrging
My large professions, I was forc'd—

Duke. To marry her?

Pant. 'Twas some such thing.

Duke. 'Tis pittie then to part yee.

But you must vse your trade no more, vnlesse

You haue a supersedeas for the whip—

Take counsell of that old man.

Pant. Wicked women—

Rom. Come husband, cheare vp; wee will driue a trade on't
Shall gett a liuing.

Duke. Take away Busiro,

And lett his wise sonne and his daughter ioy

In such a father. Wee will clense the court

Of all theise locusts. Gentlemen, your loues

Shal be requited. Thou art honest, Millecert,

And hast return'd thy brother double interrest

For all his wrongs; thy land shal be restor'd thee.

I will prouide for theise, the onely hope

And pleasure of my life—May your faire branches

Florish for euer, that the memorie

Of vertue ne're may want an heire. You, ladie,

Haue bene inconstant, therefore now indeuer

A reformation—Better late than neuer.

END OF THE INCONSTANT LADIE.

Appendix.

Nº. I.

Title of another Dramatic Piece by Arthur Wilson.

[THE following Title is written on the last page of "The constant Ladie," in the same hand as the whole of that p Some former possessor has attempted to conceal it, by p ing a piece of white paper entirely over the writing, p bably with a view to give the MS. more completely the pearance of a perfect work. It is, however, easily disc able when held to the light.]

The Corporall.

ACTED AT THE BLACKFRIERS.

The Scaene Lorraine.

Persons presented.

THEODORE, a Comander in the wares.

ENRICK, a Captaine.

ISGALON, a Corporall.

RODERICK, }
CLODIAN, } two Gentlemen, relating to Theodore.

ERFORT, Friend to Theodore.

HALLADIN, a young Man, in loue with Callida.

POPIET, gent. vsher to Callida.

CALLIDA, an old painted Ladie.

FELICIA, Neece to Callida, a great heire.

CLADIA, Daughter to Callida, a louer of Halladin.

THAMIRA, Wife to Erford.

Nurse.

Seruants.

N^o. II.

*Extract from the Parish Register of Yarmouth in the County
of Norfolk.*

* BAPTISM—December 14th 1595: Arthur Wylson, Sonne
“ of John and Suzan.”

[For this extract I am indebted to the Rev. Edward Barlee, B. A.
Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and now resident at
Yarmouth. He moreover informs me, that no brother, sister,
father, or mother's name, nor indeed that of any probable re-
lation, occurs in the Register for many years preceeding and
following the date of the above baptism.]

N^o. III.

*Some Account of Arthur Wilson, written by himself; Entitled,
"Observations of God's Providence, in the Tract of my
"Life."*

[First published, from the original MS., by the Rev. Francis Peck, in his "*Desiderata Curiosa*," folio, London 1735, vol. ii. lib. xii. pag. 6. and now faithfully reprinted.]

WHEN I was a little boy, about seaven years of age, which was in the year 1602. being in companie with two of my uncles who fell out, one of them threwe a great flint-stone at the other with such violence, that, slanting on his breast and rebounding thence, strooke me on the forehead, which cutt into my skull and indangered my life; leaving such a visible impression yett, as discovers God's providence in my preservation.

When I was xix. years of age and fit for Cambridge, my genius rather carried me to a desire to travell. And, by the indulgence of a loving mother, my father sent me into France. Where, being sick of an ague, a miller of Clerac in Gasconie cured me of it, by a charme; and I never had the fitt againe. And in the same manner he cured many.

To this cure my fancye could not conduce, but hinder it. For I did not beleeve his art. Now, whether the disease were spent before I came to him, or whether there were any occult or hidden vertue in the man's sight, or what operation dead characters can have upon a living body? or how far God hath given Satan power to do good, for the blinding of evill men (yet this man was of the religion—pious, and of a good report) or what intrinsecall operations he found out, I cannot now dispute: but I felt my selfe well, and was innocent in the meanes.

Coming from Bourdeaux into England againe (after almost two years being abroad) in a ship of my grandfather's which came thether to lade wines, I was in danger of being ship-wreckt, by a Michaelmasse storme, upon the coast of France.

My father being somewhat waisted in his estate, and not able to maintaine mee (as he thought) intended to make me an apprentice to a marchant in London. And when all was concluded (which was in the yeare 1611.) he found the marchant to be a Papist. And, fearing mee, (being a kind of libertine in France, and, as yett, such waxe in religion, as was apt to take any impression) like a discreet man, hee broke off the agreement.

Then he took a resolution to put mee into some office; and heard of a place in the Exchequer: but I could not write the Court and Chancerie hands. So my father left me, for halfe a year, with Mr. John Davis in Fleet-street (the most famous writer of his time) to learne those hands. Who, being also a Papist, with his wife and familie, their example and often discourse gave growth to those thrivings I had. So that, with many conflicts in my spirit, I often debated which was the true religion.

After I had gotten those hands well, I was received by Sir Henrie Spiller, to be one of his clerkes in the Exchequer Office; who also, with his famelie, were some of them absolute, and others of them Church-Papists. Yett the nature of his office was to prosecute those who were Papists (such spiritual jugling there is always for money!) And, for my part, I still stood indifferent. The noveltie of our religion, beginning, as I thought, in Luther's time (which was their great argument), did much discourage me from it.

But it was not God's will I should live long in those doubts. For, a maid in the house and I falling out, I writt some verses on her, which were a little bitter; and the worse,

because true. For, though I was almost two yeares among those records, yett my genius carried me to some poetical fancies. My Lady Spiller, a great Papist, and one who did not love me (because, disputing with the people often in religion, finding no way fitter to discover the truth than to search into it, and being always in argument against them, I went under the notion of a Puritan; but God knowes, it was rather out of contention than edification : for indeed I was nothing) shee, being provokt by the cries of the maid, was pleas'd to interpret my verses to be a libell; and left not soliciting Sir Henrie Spiller 'till I was discharg'd.

Being now at libertie, in the 18 yeare of my age, with some fewe crownes, I began to looke further than the present. So I tooke a chamber in Holborne, and lived very thriftily; addicting my selfe much to reading and poetrie. Which though it were rawe and indigested stuff, yett it had the good in it to keepe mee from worse actions; which, sometimes, my companions would intice mee to. But I found it a violent, not a natural, motion. And, though I had no great store of religion; yett I had moral principles, which restrained me from vitious habitts.

Thus I continued, till my money was nere spent. And then I went home to my father; but found small comfort there. My mother being dead, and my father having a great charge of children, in a declyning estate, made his assistance the lesse. Yett I gott something of him, and something from him. That which I gott of him, hee gave mee. That which I gott from him, I tooke. For once, finding his closett open, I verie ungraciouslie tooke from him ten Barbarie dukatts out of a little box: which cost me many a teare since, when I seriously call'd to mind the injustice and wickedness of the fact.

But this would not last. What should I doe when it was gone? My desires to be gone to London againe (however)

were as active, as my feares to be discovered, when I was at home.

The next place my fancie hitt on was the East-Indies, or any remote part of the world; for which I sought a conveniencie. Sin is never secure, nor content; my affections were tottering: being without foundation.

And now, about the 19. year of my age, being in this wavering condition; my cousen Mrs. Nixon and ever my deare friend, spoke to Mr. Wingfield (with whom she had often neighbourlie converse) a grave gentleman, and steward to the Earle of Essex, to lett me goe down with him into the countrie that summer. And shee promised me to find out some place more suitable to my imployment against the winter. So I most willingly accepted the condition. And 'twas (I blesse God for it) a good diversion, from those loose and ill-composed thoughts which possess mee, to be nere a gentleman of so much integritie and honestie: so downe I went with him.

Towards Michaelmas, being at Chartley in Staffordshire, there was a soudaine alarum in the house after dinner, which caus'd, though a short, yett a great disturbance. Some thought the house had been on fire; others, that there had been theeves. So that some run one way, some another.

My Lord of Essex, and some lords and gentlemen with him, ran out on the draw-bridge (for the house had a very deepe mote about it) I run, where I sawe others run, into the laundrie. When I came there I found the cause. For one of the landry maids, rinsing clothes in the mote upon a little gallerie for that purpose, shee fell into the water. Another of the maids, coming to help her, was pull'd in by her. The third, to help both, was pull'd in by both: which caus'd the shreikes and noise which begott this disturbance.

The two last gott out by the help of poles the first comers reacht to them. But shee who fell in first, with the plunging

of the water, was driven without reach, or sence, of taking hold. So that my Lord of Essex, and all who stood on the bridge, cried outt, now she sincks ! now shee's gone !

I came in (as God would have it) just as she was soe ; and had only a glimpse of where shee sunke. And being noe time to study, what to doe ? instantly, with a running lep, bounced into the water. My plunging there, brought her up againe. And, holding her up with one arm, I swum with the other : the people drew her out, and, with much ado, recovered her.

For this my Lord of Essex took mee into liking, and would have me waite on him in his chamber. And he presently furnisht me with clothes which begott envie ; and intrusted mee with keeping his private purse. For I had, within few dayes after I came to him, 100l. delivered to me to disburse for his private occasions. I deserv'd not this mercy, considering how unfaithfull I had bene to him who intrusted me with my life.

And, as this new favor begott me envie, so it bred me quarrels. For one Whitmore, a gent. who had relation to the Earl of Hertford being then at Draiton, spoke somewhat sleightly of mee. Which I, not having a spirit to indure, a duel was appointed betwixt us. Which being taken notice of in the house, the porter was commanded not to suffer us to goe out.

But I lost not a minute of the appointed time ; (so circumspect are the doters upon this sinfull credit !) For I went over a great brick-wall, and staid at the place for my man : who not coming, I returned. And, the businesse being examined, his provocation and backwardnes in execution made him appeare lesse, and mee more. But, O Lord, how did I precipitate my selfe in gayning a little honor in this world, to be eternallie in disgrace with thee !

Now I began to gather more knowledge. And, being out

of the societie of Papists, I became a confirmed Protestant : but found nothing of the sweetnes of religion.

In this heat and strength of youth, though a little man, I durst grapple in wrastling with the greatest. Some gentlemen discoursing with my Lord of Essex about wrastling, one Welsh an Irishman being then in company, challeng'd any man to wrastle with him. And, with my Lord's leave, I undertooke him, and threw him. Which so inrag'd the man, that hee came to me privately that evening, and challeng'd me to meet him, the next morning, in the field.

We mett, and fought single-sword. I run him, at the first bout, into the right arme by the wrist. Which cut the sinewes soe that he could not hold his sword. Which, taking into his left-hand, the second bout I closed with him, and tooke his sword away. But, in striving with him for it, I cut my fingers sleightly with his sword : which was all the hurt I had. This was a fine piece of bravery to bringe a man to the brinke of destruction. And, how near wee came to it, Lord thou knowest ! I tasted of it, in mayming of his body ; but I had drunke deepe, if I had distroyed both his soule and my owne.

This kind of gallantrie I continew'd in with this noble Lord. Yett, in the inter-mixture of time, I would steale to my booke. For I loved the sweetnes of philosophie and historie, I found it such an imbellishment to discourse. And I had a natural pride which raised mee to an affection to understand, as nere as I could, any thing which I had the least hint of. For I never left working, if it were within ken, 'till I gave my selfe some probable satisfaction of the right understanding of it. And, though I knew my fortune would not permit me to be a lover, yett I was soe amorous as to expresse it foolishly in verse ; and every beautiful object was a fit theme for my fancy : thinking then of no other heaven but a good face.

Bred up thus under this brave Lord who lov'd me (and I was faithfull and diligent to him) I past some yeares with

contentment, more addicted to my booke and his service, than other sensual appetites ; which I sawe many of my acquaintance prone to. And, having got a reputation of valour, I had many quarrells and single duells ; more provok'd to them, than willing to accept them (being then the fashion of the times !) And, I blesse God, I neither lost limb nor credit.

Two remarkable actions, wherein I found the hand of God's protection, I shall specially observe.

Sir Peter Lee of Lime in Cheshire invited my Lord one summer, to hunt the stag. And, having a great stag in chase, and many gentlemen in the pursuite, the stag took soyle. And divers (whereof I was one) alighted, and stood with swords drawne, to have a cut at him, at his coming out of the water.

The staggs there, being wonderfull fierce and dangerous, made us youthes more eager to be at him. But he escaped us all. And, it was my misfortune to be hinder'd of my coming nere him, the way being sliperie, by a fall. Which gave occasion to some, who did not know mee, to speake, as if I had falne for feare. Which being told mee, I left the stag, and followed the gentleman who spake it. But I found him of that cold temper, that it seemes, his words made an escape from him ; as by his denyall and repentance it appeared.

But, this made mee more violent in persuite of the stag, to recover my reputation. And I happened to be the onely horseman in, when the dogs sett him up at a bay ; and, approaching nere him on horsebacke, hee broke through the dogs, and run at mee, and tore my horse's side with his hornes, close by my thigh. Then I quitted my horse, and grew more cunning (for the dogs had sett him up againe) stealing behind him with my sword, and cut his ham-strings ; and then got upon his back, and cut his throate. Which as I was doing, the company came in, and blamed my rashness for running such a hazard.

The other remarkable mercie was, hunting in Needwood forest, Sir Charles Egerton and I being together in a full carriere, looking and speaking to him, I run under a great arme of an oake, and sawe it not, till my horse's head was under it. Impossible to stop him, I threw my self instantly from my saddle backward, lighting on my feet without hurt. But my horse run under the tree, breaking his saddle in peeces, and indangering the breaking of his back.

To name the sawe pitts and deepe ditches, where my horses have been forced out with ropes; and the dangerous falls I have escaped, in the violence of hunting, would be too tedious. But, my God, to thee I hope I shall never forget them!

In the yeare 1620. my Lord tooke a companie of foot, and the Earl of Oxford, another; to go into the Palatinate with General Vere. These two Earles having the promise of two regiments to follow them.

In that companie of my Lord's (which consisted of ccc. men) there were above one hundred gentlemen of qualitie. Every man marcht with his armes compleat six weeks together. Wee past the Rhine by a bridge of boats at Weasell, and thought to passe it againe at Coblantz. But, being refused passage there, wee were ferryed over in punts; to prevent the Marquesse Spinola his accesse to us; of whom wee had continuall intelligence. And, to escape him, made very long marches; sometimes twenty English miles a day and better; and all my Lord's servants, and he himselfe, on foot, to incourage others, did the same.

Our preservation in that journey deserves a historie. Wee being but five and twenty hundred foot and twelve hundred horse; and the Marquesse, having an armie of ten thousand men, designed to hinder our joyning with the princes of the union, who tooke armes at that time to secure the Palatinate.

He gave us divers alarms, whereby he made us stand manie cold nights in arms; and, one of those nights, had actually

sett upon us in our quarters, if most of his munition, passing the Maine by Frankford, had not taken wett; the fords being deepe and the nights darke: so that he was forced to retire. And our armie, joyning with the Prince's, wee made a gallant body: which made him sneake to his quarters at Openhan. And, as often as he stur'd, wee were on his jack. But hee, finding us too strong, would by no means grapple with us. So wee chas'd him as often as hee mov'd. And, one afternoone, wee light on him, marching, with his whole body, to Altzi.

Assoone as he had notice of us, he drewe up to the top of a hill, among vineyards, into a place of advantage. Wee, being upon another hill opposite to him, drew downe, and into batalia, to give on, though upon the mouth of his cannon: which would have made hot worke. But the cold-hearted princes thought it too near night; and, deferring it 'till the morning, the craftie Marquesse was gon, over rockes and mountainous passages which they dreamed not of. So, after many a cold lodging in the feild, and not finding such another opportunitie, the armies driven by great snowes into their garrisons; about Christmas, my Lord, with some twentie in traine, came for England, to sollicite the going over of the other regiments; which Gundemar, the Spanish ambassadour, had retarded.

Wee had, from Frankendale, a convoye of a hundred horse, which brought us into Lorraine. From Mets, we travel'd our selves into France, and came to Compine in Champane; where my Lord sent away most of his traine, the streight way, to Bullen; and himselfe, with some few of us tooke post, though hee went three myles out of the way to come to the post rode.

The next stage was Gourney. Where the knavish post-master, seeing us likely to be good guests, to keep us there all night, delayed, or rather indeed refused us, horses; pre-

tending hee could not furnish us till morning. Which being contrary to my Lord's intention (for he tooke the post-rode to make more haste, not to hinder him) he was much troubled. And, as wee were wrangling for this course intertainment with our host, my Lord's horses (the gentlemen and groomes who went with them mistaking the way) came by. Which seene, his Lordship, with joy, presently mounted his owne horses to go the next stage.

The inkeeper, deceyved of his prey, fell into raging and rayling; which my Lord not brooking, run after him with a cudgell (for his words were very provoking) to give him a parting blowe. The inkeeper's activity carried him to a garret; where, thrusting his head out at a window, he cried, murder, murder! with a fury: not thinking there were three stories betwixt him and his danger.

It seems it was enough. For, before wee were got twelve score in the street, we found ourselves barricado'd with carts, and incircled with five hundred people, men, women, and children, with pitch-forkes, swordes, and guns; smiths, with iron barrs, and every one with that came next to hand, besett us. Wee had each a case of pistolls, and closely stood upon our gard. The confusion and noise was great: no man knew for what. But we were very sensible of some knocks from a little hill above us by friers, who had fill'd their laps with stones, and kindly distributed them among us.

Above halfe an hour wee stood in this condition, staring on one another (no man, but the vertuous friers, offering us injurie) expecting what they had to lay to our charge. At last a gentleman came to us, who was a Lieutenant of horse, wishing us to putt up our swords and pistolls, if wee lov'd our safetie. For, if wee had done any mischeife, itt was impossible to escape; if wee had done none, wee should receyve none. Soe he went from us to examine the business; and, in a quarter of an hower, returned; pacified the people; and

opened the way to us. My Lord commanded mee to give him two English peeces : but he refused them.

I needs must observe, in this, God's great providence; that this confusion brought no more mischief. For, if any had, by accident, bene slaine or hurt; wee had bene all lost. So dangerous itt is, in a strange countrie, to grapple with men's humors. Being freed here, wee gott safely into England.

The next summer my Lord went to Dornick Leaguer in Holland, with the Prince of Orange; finding no hope of recrutes into the Palatinate. And the summer following to Rees Leaguer. The summer after that to Arnhem. In all which places, where there was any service, his Lordship, as a gallant voluntier, was forward to adventure himselfe; being desirous to gaine such experience abroad as might make him serviceable to his countrie at home.

The winters wee spent in England. Either at Draiton, my Lord's grandmother's; Chartley, his owne house; or some of his brother, the Earle of Hertford's, houses. Our private sports abroad, hunting; at home, chesse or catastrophe. Our publique sports (and sometimes with great charge and expence) were masks or playes. Wherein I was a contriver both of words and matter. For as long as the good old Countesse of Leicester lived (the grandmother to theise noble families,) her hospitable entertainment was garnisht with such, then harmeles, recreations.

My Lord would ride very hard and lov'd it extreemely. He was an excellent horseman : fourescore or a hundred miles a day I have often ridden with his Lordship. Going from Draiton in Staffordshire to the Earle of Hertford's in Wiltshire, the Lord Cromwell being with him, they dined at Warwick. And the said Lord had a constitution, that hee could not settle his stomach, 'till he had enough to overlay his head: which he did then without a partner. Assoone as 'wee had past the towne stones, to spare their feet, our horses had the

feeling of our heeles. My Lord Cromwell putt for it (being well arm'd and hors'd) with such a fury, that he made my horse run away with mee. At the bridge, a mile beyond Warwick, the waters were out. My Lord of Essex took up, before hee came to them; being on a well-guided horse. My Lord Cromwell had a strong horse which plunged, with much adoe, through the water. I rid upon a Barberie which I could not command, a fierie nagg; and hee carried mee into the water; and, hee not being able to go through it, nor I to stop him; wee flowndred into the midst of it; and, being parted by the water, wee shifted for our selves, and came dropping out.

But, after shaking oure cares, we peec'd againe, and away. And soe we rid as fast as our horses could ply it, for some five or six miles; 'till my Lord Cromwell's horse (he being a heavy man) was soe tired, he was scarce able to trot. My Lord of Essex kept his horse within compass. So away he went, alone, towards Burford (whither his coach and trainee was gone before) and commanded me to stay and come with my Lord Cromwell, to bee his guide.

It was about Michaelmas time, and grewe to be darke before wee got to Stowe in the Ouldes, where my Lord Cromwell thought to have staid. But, meeting with one Hibitts the Sheriffe of Gloucestershire there, as well-warm'd as himselfe, they began to snarle at one another. So that I perswaded his Lordship to go to Burforde, though I was in ill case for it.

Soe out wee went upon the downes, and (though I knew the way, and was in it, yett being very darke, and his Lordship not in case to be govern'd) hee would take his owne way. And I was forced to followe him close; because, his horse being black, if he were but a length before mee I could not see him. At last hee came to a hedge and ditc; and over he would force his horse. In the lep, they came both downe;

and his foot hung in the stirrop. I whipt over after him, tooke his horse by the bridell, stopt him, lighted, and, with much adoe, got his foot out, and his heavie bodie up againe; perswading him to take another way: assuring him, the further he went, the more hee was out. And soe (having ridd some three howers in cold blood, and beginning to be sensible of lying in the feilds) his Lordship was content to take advice. Soe easie it is to be persuaded, when necessitie compells us to see our error. And so, riding to a light I shewed him not farr from us, wee found, with all out travell, wee were but two miles from Stowe whence we came, and whither wee return'd about ten a clock at night.

And this I observe is an act of God's great mercie to me, that, being soakt in water in a cold evening, I was forced to ride (a foot-pace, for the most part) so many howers, 'till the water of my clothes was all dropt into my bootes, that when I alighted I stood as in a bath; yett, the next morning, I rose refresht, and never felt more of it.

In the year 1624. upon agrement betwene King James and the States of Holland, four regiments of English went over, to the number of six thousand men. Henry Earl of Southampton commanded one (who, with his sonne the Lord Wriothesley, died there and were brought back both in one ship). Henry Earle of Oxford, another (who died there also). My Lord the Earle of Essex, a third. And the Lord Willoughbie, after Earle of Lindsey, the fourth.

That summer we spent in striving to releive Breda (besieg'd by the Marquesse Spinola) and we winter'd at Rosendale.

The next year Mansfield brought 12000 men out of England. But, being fool'd by the French, they were kept so long on ship bord, that the plague gott among them; and the dead corps being thrown into the sea about Guerthrenberg, were driven ashore; and (after the crowes and dogs had their fill,

and the ayre sufficiently tainted) they were throwne into great pitts by hundreds. And so that great armie wasted itself, and brought a disease into ours.

But, because there is nothing in these yeares of being abroad, under the protection of soe brave a Lord, which can reflect perticularlie to mee, I will passe them over and leave them to historie. Onely I must needs acknowledge an almighty mercie to mee. That, in the havock which the warr and pestilence made, I might say with the sweet singer of Israel, *a thousand fell beside me, and ten thousand at my right hand : but it did not come nere me !*

In the yeare 1625. King James died. And the plague being excessive great in London, in July we came to England; and landed at Margate. And at Darford, my Lord sent mee before to London, to see whether it was safe coming thether. But there I found nothing but death and horreur: the very ayre was putrified with the contagion of the dead.

At Essex-house I found Sir Walter Devereux and Mr. Wingfield, who went to meet my Lord, and brought him to Oatlands; where King Charles then was. To Oxford they all went, both King and nobles, to a parliament there summon'd.

My Lord lay in Morton College. And, as he was going to parliament one morning on foot, a man in a faire and civill outward habit mett him, and jossel'd him. And, though I was at that time behind his Lordship, I saw it not. For, if I had, I should have been upon his jack. But the man had not passed foure rod from us, but he fell down and died instantly of the plague.

The sicknes increasing much at Oxford, and little hope of bringing the parliament to the King's will, it was forthwith dissolv'd. And wee went to Tottenham in Wiltshire, to the Earle of Hartford's.

My Lord had not bene there long, but the King sent for him to goe the Cales voyage. And this hint I observe from

the occurrences of state, that the Earle of Essex was not employed out of affection to him ; but, being a man beloved of the people, and the people not likeing the Duke's exorbitant power, in thrusting the King upon this warr, which tended onely to revenge his private injuries ; the said Earle was put in to sweeten the buisiness, which was so much against the parliament and the people's mind.

The third of October following (with a fleet of cxx. ships, wherein were ten thousand land-men, well-arm'd) we sett saile for Plimouth from the coast of Spaine. The way was horrid : a storme scatter'd us, and sunke some of our ships, wherein many a gallant man perisht. The attempt upon the isle of Cales was foolish, manag'd by a Commander in Cheife who could not make the best use of the fair advantages he found. And the returne dangerous for winter stormes, sickness of men, and want of sound victuals. The particulars whereof I have more enlarg'd in another discourse. For, being secretary to the said Earle (who was but second man in the army) I had an opportunitie to observe all the miscarriages, which the weaknes of the Generall did precipitate the flete and armie into.

Coming back, with much adoe (our men being all sick) wee landed at Falmouth, the fifth of December, and found the King at Hampton-Court ; where his Lordship staid not long : it was a sphere he lov'd not to move in.

The next summer my Lord went over again to his command in the Low-Countries ; and the armie drewe up into Cleveland. Wee intrencht at Mary-Bom, close to a monasterie of nuns and friers. Where Count Henry de Vandenberg found out a desperate passage, one night, to beat up one of our horse quarters ; where we lost 500 horse, and the cheife commander, Count Stirum, taken in his bed.

The reason of our enquarteringe this summer in the enemy's countrie was, to forage and bring in contribution. But

the reason why I insert this, is, that when we came to intrench our selves nere the monasterie of nuns, we dig'd up divers great potts (which they use in that countrie for butter-potts) with children in them ; some newly buried, and some consumed to the bones. So chaste and holy are theise seeming saints.

The foure English regiments being reduced under Collonell Generall Morgan's command, they went to Stoade, to preserve that part of Germanie against the Emperor. And soe my Lord came into England ; and, not brooking the imployment, the great Duke of Buckingham, undertook the isle of Rhea, which was in the year 1627. His Lordship retired to Chartley, and lived quietly and happely there.

The next yeare a parliament call'd us to London ; where wee winter'd : full of the vanitie and varietie of the pleasures of the towne.

In August following the Duke of Buckingham was kill'd at Portsmouth. My Lord, being then at Chartley, sent mee to the court. And I rid, in three days, from Chartley to Portsmouth, and back. Which was very nere three hundred miles.

That year we winter'd at the Earl of Hertford's in Wiltshire, where a fine young gentlewoman, Mrs. Elizabeth Paulet, then was, a visitant onely, of the noble Countesse my Lord's sister. And, such faire companie being acceptable at festivall times, shee was invited to stay all Christmass. Where her winning behaviour wrought so farr upon my noble master, that, in Lent following, he married her.

I must confesse shee appeared, to the eye, a beautie full of harmles sweetneis. And her conversation was affable and gentle. And I cannot be perswaded that it was forced, but naturall to her then present condition. And the height of her marriage and greatnes, as an accident, altered her very nature. For she was the true image of Pandora's box.

When my Lord had fixt his affections on her, I found his Lordship cold in his familiar and gracious discourses to mee ; and imployed Mr. Langherne (who, in theise unhappy times is Major Generall of the forces in South-Wales for the parliament) then his Lordship's servant, in that affaire. Which I perceiving, could not but expresse a cloudie and discontented countenance : which gave my new-married Lady some cause of anger against mee.

But this noble, and ever to mee too indulgent, Lord, call'd me to him, and askt mee the reason of my sadnes ? I told him, I found his Lordship did not looke upon mee with soe favourable an eye, as hee formerly had. He replyed, I knew you would be averse to my marriage, and therefore did not make you acquainted with it. But, be you to mee the same servant you have bene, and I will be to you the same master. This did againe recomfort me: and I found, by his Lordship's favours, the assurance of his goodnes.

But the Lady was so irradicated in mallice (supposing my cloudy brow was contracted, because she shined in so bright a sphere) never left working and undermining, to displace mee. And when, by the examination of all my accounts and all the artifice shee could use, it would not be done ; shee fained a sickness ; tooke her chamber, and protested, never to come out of it as long as I staid in the house. Which I hearing, desired my noble master's leave to depart. Hee proffer'd to send me into Ireland, to have the managing of his estate there. But knowing there was no bound to a woman's mallice, I desired to be in such a condition that her anger might not reach mee. So in July 1630. we parted. And, within two yeares after, this malicious peece of vanitie, unworthie of soe noble a husband (being found in another's adulterous armes) was separated from him, to her eternal reproach and infamie.

Now having beene sixteene yeares, though a private man,

in a publick way ; I made a new election, intending to spend my life free from the troubles of the world. For I went presently to Oxford to studie, to avoid it ; and settled my self in Trinity College (where my noble master's bountie made me capable to subsist) with an intent never to stirr. And, by the help of my freinds, was admitted Master of Arts; and had all the accommodations which the house or the publique libraries could give mee.

The first thing I began to busie my selfe in was the mathematiques. But, finding the profitt of them to consist more in the mechanically part than in the speculative, I laid them by, rather than gave them over. And

Being much solicited, by some able friends which I had gained in the Colledge, to the studie of divinitie; I had a long strife in my selfe about it. For, though I knew divinitie to be the queen of arts, yet I found my selfe fitter to learne, than to teach. And in that studie I absolutely apprehended, that I must forsake the world, as S. Paul saith Rom. i. 1. *set apart for the ministrie, and dedicate my self to it.* Which I knew not whether I should be able to doe having had my breeding in so much liberty. For whosoever, in my opinion, undertakes that profession, and makes anie more use of the world than for necessities for himselfe and familie, is out of his way. Besides. The cleargie, for the most part, in those times weare extreamely ambitious, and generally contemn'd ; but that some, of eminent vertues, did a little beare up the falling reputation of them.

This made me applie my selfe to physicke. And the time I staid there, which was almost two yeares, made it my indeaver.

But that which was most burthenous to mee in this my retirement was the debaucherie of the Universitie. For the most eminent schollers of the towne, especially of S. John's College (being of my acquaintance) did worke upon mee by

such indearements as tooke the name of civilities (yett day and night could witnes oure madnes) and I must confesse, the whole time of my life besides did never so much transport mee with drinking, as that short time I lived in Oxford : and that with some of the gravest bachelors of divinitie there.

The Canterburian faction was very active at that time. Chillingworth was a great man in our colledge, with whome I had often disputes, about absolute monarchie. For I, being bred with a master who ever affected (out of the noblenes of his mind) a naturall and just freedom of the subject ; could not relish this growing way the cleargie had gotten, to make themselves great by advancing the King. So that I was accounted a kind of Puritan among them ; especially with such as hee. Who, not long after, fled to Doway and profest himself a Papist. Where, finding but cold entertainment, he was easily persuaded by the Archbishop (Laud) to return into England, and to practise his religion here.

While I was weary of this converse, and studying where I might live privately, I received information from Sir Walter Devereux, that my noble master that now is desired to have me to serve him.

Coming from Oxford for that purpose in February 1632. in a cold and snowie morning, I walked downe Shotover-hill, with my horse in my hand ; and I saw an object clyming the hill, which call'd up my pittie. For, to my apprehension, the man appeared a Grecian. He was in an old, long, black garment ; a great broad beard, and a hat whose brim was of an easterne diameter.

Seeing him at a distance I had time to meditate of the miserie of that countrie, over-run by the Turks ; and the poor Christians, driven to many wandring extremities : supposing his necessities exposed him to the fury of such a morning ; which prepar'd a way to my charitie. And when he came nere mee, he spoke to me in a strange gibberish language.

I was doubtfull of ever having heard the accents of any such words; but would not be too rash with him. So I spoke to him in Latin. But still his language was the same. Then I spake to him in French and Italian. And he answered to all in the same tone: which had no kind of idiome of any language.

I, perceyving the fellowe to bee a counterfett (for he walkt with mee back downe the hill) gott, with faire quarter, upon my horse; and then told him, in plaine English, that he was a counterfett, striving by canting to deceive ignorant people. Hee bristles himself up, and bounc'd outt three or four great oathes, that I was a rogue to call him counterfett. Ah! said I, can the outlandish devill speak English? I shall take order with you at the next justice's. And, offring to ride away, he runs after mee (while I minded him not) and clapt hold on my bridle, staid my horse, and with both his armes (being a sturdie, great knave) graspt me about the middle, and pul'd me downe.

But, in this close, I was too nimble for him, and threwe him downe under mee, and mumbled my fellow handsomely. While I was upon him, he strove to drawe my sword. In which attempt he clapt his hand on the blade (being halfe out) and cutt his fingers. Soe that wee were both besmeared with blood. At last I rose from him; hoping hee had enough: and went away after my horse, who was run downe the hill.

Hee rises, and runs after mee. When he came nere to me (for I was loth to run from him, and asham'd to draw my sword on him) I stood upon my gard, and bid him come att his perill. He, onely arm'd with drinke, runs full at mee. I was forced to throw away my sword, or I must have kill'd him (thinking my selfe good enough for him at the close) but, being in great boots and my foot slipping, hee threwe mee downe, and gott upon mee. But in this extremitie was God's mercie seene. For the fellowe, in following and struggling

with mee, was so out of breath, that I crept from under him, and got upon him. And then I set my foote upon his throate, to keepe him downe, 'till I had almost stifel'd him. And, looking about mee, to see how I might gett rid of this burthen which was under mee, I spied three shepherds running downe the hill towards us.

When they came nere, I lett him rise, and hee would have beene at mee againe; but they hinder'd him. Hee complain'd, I would have murder'd him. But they, seeing the scuffell betwixt us, told him, hee was a drunken rogue; they sawe him pull mee from my horse. And said, he had bene drinking all night at an alehouse upon the side of an hill. Thus, by great Providence, was I deliver'd from a drunkard. But I walkt to the next town, before I could find my horse.

The same winter, being at Warwick-house, my charitie expos'd mee to a durty hazard. For a good, comely, well-cloth'd man, falling downe in the street by mee, and hearing no rumors of the plague, I ventur'd to help him up, and askt him, what he ayl'd? The man being drunke, flew about my ears, swearing I threwe him downe. And though I shunn'd his embraces, yett I was soild with his durt. Soe dangerous is it oftentimes to be charitable.

The beginning of May, 1634. I had a feaver, which I gott (coming from Lee, with the rents of my honourable master the Earle of Warwick, in a paire of oares, being a very hot day) sleeping in the sun. It held me four fitts with some violence, and then wasted it selfe; my abstinence not giveing it more nourishment.

In November that yeare I was marryed to a wife whom I never yett had cause to repent of. And

The February after, some dispute arising betwixt Mr. King (a gentleman belonging to the Lord Rich) and my selfe, in Warwick-house Stable-yard; he did provoke mee, with very foule language, to strike him. Which having done, hee hav-

ing a sword and I none, I clos'd with him, and threwe him downe. He, being a great fellow, thought to rise under mee by maine strength; and, putting one of his legs double under him, to raise himselfe upon; he, putting his whole strength upon that leg to get up, and I addinge mine to keepe him downe; his leg snapt in two peeces, to my great regret. It was so soone done, that the people, who were in the yard, had scarce time to come to us. I helpt to carry him to his chamber. Where, I must confesse, for two monethes hee indured a great deale of hardship. In which time I visited him often, being very sorry there was an occasion given and taken, which redownded so much to his prejudice.

When he was recovered, I expected a challenge; he being accounted a sword-man. Instead whereof he sent mee a writt out of the King's Bench. I advised with counsell; and they told mee, the lawe lookes upon no provocation, but matter of fact. I stroke the first blowe, and a limbe was broken; which a jurie, who love their limbs, would trounce me for. Soe I compounded with my adversarie, rather than to be brought before the judge; and gave him five and thirty pounds to pay for his cure. Soe costly often are our rash actions! For if I had digested his foule language it had not reflected upon mee. Evil words have their venombe from whence they come; not whither they goe. And it is the glorie of a Christian to passe by offences.

Now preaching, the true glasse of the soule, discovered more unto mee than I had formerly seene; and good men, by how much they were eclipsed by the bishop's, did privately shine the brighter. And, since I came into this noble family, whether it were age and experience creeping upon mee, which showed me the uncertaintie and instability of humane things; or, by a clearer light, receyved from a powerfull ministrie; or, by the example of others, whose lives were fitt patternes to followe; or, by a divine Spirit, operating upon all; I knowe

not (for it breathes where it pleases) but I found in my selfe a greater affection to good duties. And those oathes, which were often interlaced as an ornament to my discourse, appeared to me a blemish and deformitie. If I have gotten any thing which may carry my affections higher than theise poore, triviall, earthen things doe promise, the benefitt is mine; but all the glorie shall be given to God.

The 28. of June, 1637. my Lord the Earle of Warwick went over with the Prince Elector to the Hage, and arrived there, as the Prince of Orange was drawing his armie into the feild to beleaguer, his late lost baronie, Breda. So that it was my chance to attend the Earle of Essex, when it was taken by the Marquesse Spinola, anno 1624. and, to attend the Earle of Warwick, when it was retaken by the Prince.

About the middle of August wee bent homewards, and upon the 23d day took shipping at the Brill, in a little pin-nace of my Lord's, which waited to transport him. Assoone as we had pass'd the Boyes, the wind came about so strongly against us, that wee were driven below the Brill, and could not reach it againe; but were forced to sea, with such a violence of wind and weather, that it was a miracle, a poore, little, ill-built, and worse waigh'd, unseason'd, mussel-boate, of five and twenty tuns should live above water. Wee had six brasse drakes lay upon the deck; so that she was over-topt with waight. Nor durst wee open a hatch; for the seas come over us. Nor could our men stand to stowe them (which would have been good ballast to us) but they made a shift to throw them overboard.

This storme continued three dayes and three nights. The dayes, wee sawe our danger; yett the nights were more fearfull. Such cries! Now shee sinkes! Lord, have mercy upon us! Such terrible noises our fears made, that the wind and seas were calm to 'em. For my part, a rough sea and I can never agree; 'tis a sicknes to mee almost to death, when

others are in no danger. I could doe nothing but lye still, and prepare my self for a disolution ; my soule was at worke for life, when my bodie waited to be lodged in the chambers of death. Yett I was not so miserable as those who sawe the condition they were in.

But God preserved our noble Lord to be a good instrument in worser times ; to steere the ship of the state in as dangerous a tempest by land as this was by sea. And the fourth day after, (being the 26.) with a great fall, readie to crush our little bark in peeces, wee past the barr at Texell : landed : tooke wagon : and came to the Hague.

The newes, of our being cast away, came into England before us. For a ship, which went out with us, and farr better able to beare soe great and so long a tempest, got into England with very much difficultie ; and reported the same.

The wind continued still contrarie ; and his Lordship sent me into England by the way of Flanders. I had a passe from Sir William Boswell, the King's Resident at the Hague ; and my Lord's letters to the Governour of Bruges, to give mee passage : and had letters and packetts to many of the grandies in England ; confident to meet no opposition. But I was stopt at Bruges, had my letters taken away, and two soldiers sett to gard mee ; whome I must maintaine, or goe to the publique prison.

After being waited on three days by my attendents, I incounter'd with an English marchant in Bruges, one Mr. Robinson ; who, out of good nature, ingag'd himselfe for mee. So my gard was taken off, and I had the libertie of the towne ; which I had made use of in visitinge the English nunnes. Where I found a gentlewoman of my long acquaintance, Mr. Chetwin's daughter of Ridgelie in Staffordshire ; with whome I had daylie converse. But to mee with great reservednes : because shee knew how I stood affected in religion. I never could meete, or see her, but at a grate ; and every time she

came accompanied with a several companion. For, by their vowes, they pretend never to speake with a man alone, but their ghostly father. And he was no tempting peece. For, in their election of him, they had not observed the Jewish rule. For he was crokt-backt, and ill-visag'd ; shapt to avoid scandall : a peece of deformitie dedicated.

Some English and Scotch Jesuits found me out at my lodging, with whome I had often converse. Among the rest one Dr. Weston, an old man fell into discourse with me about the state of England. Hee loath'd the memory of Queen Elizabeth. These times pleased him better : but the litle Archbishop of Canterbury hee could not endure.

I pull'd a booke out of my pocket, written by the provincial of the English friers, Johannes de Sancta Clara, which tended to reconcile the Church of England and the Church of Rome, if we would come up a step to them, and they come down a step to us. Hee told mee, that 'twas impossible that the Church of Rome should ever descend in the least degree ; and the author of the book, if he were at Rome, would be mew'd up between two stone walls, and his booke burnt under his nose. I knew the man (said he) hee is one of Canterbury's trencher flies and eates perpetually at his table ; a creature of his making.

Then, said I, you should better approve of my Lord of Canterbury's actions, being hee tends so much your way. Noe, reply'd hee, hee is too subtle to be yok't ; too ambitious to have a superiour. Heele never submit to Rome. Hee meanes to frame a mottley religion of his owne, and bee lord of it himselfe.

Hee tooke mee for some disguised English parson, as he after told mee. For, said hee, they use to come over in scarlet, like gentlemen ; as ours doe into England. But when he was acquainted with my relation, hee feasted me at his lodgings, and used mee with much civillitie. And, being familiar with

him, I askt him many questions, which are arcana among them; and he was ingenuous to mee in discovering the truth.

Among the rest, I desired him to tell mee, whether there were any kind of relish of truth (which some Jesuits doe write) that the Puritans in England did machinate the gun-powder treason. Hee told mee plainly, that was but to take off the first edge of the scandall. For he knew of it, both in the contriving and acting.

After twentie dayes stay, there and in other good townes of Brabant and Flanders, which I got libertie to see; by the help of the King's Resident at Bruxells, I had my letters and packetts restor'd, and libertie to return into England. Where I found my Lord arrived before mee.

About the middle of August, 1640. I had an erisipulas broke out in my arme, which presently after turned to a burning feaver, with that furie and extremitie, that it was conceived to be the plague; which was frequent then in Essex, especiallie at Braintree: from whence my phisition and phisick came. I was drawne to a very low condition; life had very litle matter left to worke upon. But it pleased God to raise mee up againe, contrarie to humane apprehensions.

The twentieth of August, 1642. the King having left the parliament, and thereby a loose reine being putt into the mouth of the unruly multitude, many thousands swarm'd to the pulling downe of Long Milford house, a gallant seat belonging to the Countesse of Rivers; and to the endangering of her person; she being a recusant, they made that their pretence, but spoyle and plunder was their ayme. This furie was not only in the rabble, but many of the better sort behav'd themselves as if there had been a dissolution of all government; no man could remaine in his own house without feare, nor bee abroad with safetie.

A gentleman came posting from the Countesse of Rivers to crave the protection of my Lord's famelie. My Lord the Earle

of Warwick was then at sea, being Lord High Admirall for the parliament. My Lord Rich was at Oxford, with the King. Mr. Charles Rich, hunting the stag at Rochford. So I was commanded to take some fewe men and a coach with six horses, to fetch the Lady Rivers to Leeze. Which I hastned to doe, not dreaming of any danger by the way; though I might hap'ly meet some there.

With difficultie I pass'd through the litle villages of Essex, where their black bills and course examinations put us to divers demurs. And, but that they had some knowledge both of mee and the coach, I had not pass'd with safetie. My designe and pretence was to goe for Bury; but to stay in some place nere Long-Milford; to find out where the Lady Rivers was.

When I came to Sudburie in Suffolke, within three miles of Long Milford, not a man appeared 'till we were within the chaine. And then they began to run to their weapons, and, before wee could gett to the market place, the streets swarm'd with people.

I came out of the coach, assoone as they tooke the horses by the heads, and desired, that I might speake with the Maior, or some of the magistrates; to knowe the cause of this tumult: for wee had offended no body. The mouth cried out, this coach belongs to the Lady Rivers; and they are going to her. (And indeed the gentleman, who came along with mee, was knowne by some of the towne.) And some, who pretended to be more wise and knowing than the rest, said, that I was the Lord Rivers. And they swarm'd about mee, and were so kind as to lay hold on mee. But I calmly intreated those manie hundreds which incircled mee, to heare mee speake; which before they had not patience to doe, the confusion and noyse was so great.

I told them, I was steward to the Earle of Warwick, a lover of his countrie, and now in the parliament's imployment.

That I was going to Bury, about busines of his. And that I had letters in my pocketts (if they would let any of the magistrates see them) which would make me appeare to be a freind and an honest man. This said, the mouth cried out, letters, letters! The tops of the trees, and all the windowes, were throng'd with people, who cri'd the same.

At last the Maior came crouding in with his officers ; and I shew'd him my letters (which indeed I had receyved a litle before from my Lord, and, fearing the worst, thought the bringing them might bee an advantage to my passage.) The Maior's wisdom said, hee knew not my Lord's hand ; it might be, and it might not. And away he went, not knowing what to doe with mee, nor I to say to them. But I found they had an ytching desire after the coach-horses (the towne being to set out horses for the parliament's service) and therefore they were the willinger to beleive nothing, 'till Mr. Man, the towne-clarke (whose father was my Lord's servant) sawe mee at a distance, and came crouding in to be assured, having once seen me, as he said, at Leeze. He told the Maior and the people, I was the Earle of Warwick's steward : and his assurance got some credit with them. And so the great cloude vanisht.

But I could goe no further to succour the Ladie Rivers. For I heard, from all hands, there was so great a confusion at Milford, that no man appeared like a gentleman, but was made a prey to that ravenous crewe. So my Ladie's gentleman Mr. Man and my selfe tooke horse (leaving the coach at Sudburie) and went a bye-way to Sir Robert Cranes, a litle nerer Milford, to listen after the Countesse.

Sir Robert told us, that shee had in her owne person escaped to Bury ; and soe was gone to London. But hee was forc'd to retaine a train'd band in his house (although hee was a parliament man) to secure himselfe from the fury of that rabel ; who threatned him, for being assistant to her

escape. So monstrous is the beast when it holds the bridell in the teeth.

My busines being done, my Ladie's gentleman went towards London; I back to the coach; and return'd home. But I looke on this as a great act of the divine goodnes, that a man, I never knewe, should owne mee in such a time of extremitie. And that, though I were incircled, provok'd, seiz'd on, and readie to be made a sacrifice to the rage of a giddie multitude, their madnes was not soe high as to doe me mischeife; nor my feares so great as to betray my innocence.

The 18. of July, 1644. hunting in Litley parke, my spotted nag (which afterwards my Lord had) being younge and not well waigh'd, run away with mee; and, lepping over a broad ditch, lighted upon a stumpe of a tree, which he flowndring on, overthrew mee and himselfe. When I rose, I could scarce draw my breath. I dranke something to dissolve the putrid blood, and was lett blood in the right arme. But the paine continueth at the writing of this, yet, I hope, in a decaying condition. For

The 21. of July (being the Sunday following) Mr. Beadle of Banston preached at Leeze. His text was, Numbers xxxiii. 1. *Theise are the journies of the children of Israel, &c.* insisting upon this. That every Christian ought to keep a record of his owne actions and wayes, being full of dangers and hazards; that God might have the glorie. For this command was given to Moses, as in the second verse, by God himselfe; that there might be a remembrance to posteritie of the deliverances which God had and would worke for that people. And soe everie man, though of the meanest qualitie, may see the hand of the divine goodnes workinge for him in the many occurrences of his life. Which, as it may be a register to his owne memorie, so it may bee an example of gratitude to those who shall read or heare it, when they shall reflect upon themselves; and make a like collection of God's mercie towards

them ; some more, some lesse, according as it pleases God to distribute his blessinges. Which I shall ever acknowledge in the highest degree to my selfe.

This made mee run backe to the beginning of my life, assisted by my memorie and some small notes ; wherein I have given a true, though a meane deleniation, of eight and forty yeares progresse in the world. Wherein I never was arrested, nor arrested any man ; never sued any man, nor was sued by any man (but in that particular of Mr. King ;) never was examin'd nor brought before a magistrate ; never tooke oath, but the oath of allegiance ; never bore witnes, nor was cal'd to witnes, in any busines. So that though I lived in the world, I was not beaten with the tempests of it ; shrowding my selfe under those goodly cedars, my two noble masters : whose actions deserve an everlasting monument.

If in this I can dedicate a thankful heart to the great and almighty disposer of all things, it shall be his ; because hee made it, he mov'd it. Every morning begins a mercie to us ; every night concludes one : so the morning and the evening are the day of mercie. But theise, being common, take no great impression in us. If wee cou'd sift out the grossnes of our owne corruptions, wee should find a pure and most refined power working for us, and striving with us.

And it is not the least of the blessings that I have cause to bee thankfull for, that God hath provided for mee (now that almost all the whole kingdom is in a miserable and devastated condition) a beeing in Essex ; where, by the sence of charitie more than suffring, wee participate of the publique affliction.

And, as I am not superstitious in observing nice vanities, such as the falling of pictures, croaking of ravens, crossing of hares, turning over salts, crowing of hens, and such like simple prodigies ; soe I shall not be supercilious for the time to come, to neglect a just acknowledgment of all the

acts of God's providence, reflecting on mee, in the poore remaine of my life : that all the honor may be given to God.

There is nothing upon the stage of the world, acted by publique justice, comes so crosse to my temper, as putting so many witches to death. Nor is it a new thing. The Scripture not onlie making mention of them, but condemning them And it hath bene, in a long series of time, the practize of all states and kingdoms, not to suffer those they call witches to live.

About this time in Essex, there being a great manie arraigned, I was at Chensford at the trial and execution of eighteene women. But could see nothing in the evidence which did perswade me to thinke them other than poore mellenchollie, envious, mischevous, ill-disposed, ill-dieted atrabilus constitutions ; whose fancies working by gross fumes and vapors, might make the imagination readie to take any impression ; whereby their anger and envie might vent in selfe into such expressions, as the hearers of their confession (who gave evidence) might find cause to beleieve, they were such people as they blazon'd themselves to bee.

And they themselves, by the strength of fancie, may thinke they bring such things to passe, which, many times, unhapeli they wish for, and rejoyce in, when done, out of the malevolent humor which is in them : which passes with them as if they had reallie acted it.

And, if there be an opinion in the people that such a bodie is a witch, their owne feares (coming where they are) resulting from such dreadfull apprehensions, do make everie shadow, an apparition ; and everie ratt or catt, an imp or spirit. Which make so many tales and stories in the world, which have no shadow of truth. This will bee better asserted in another place ; and those texts of scripture genuinelie interpreted : which will bee too large for this place.

But one day, not long after this execution, my meditation

fixing upon that subject, I had a great conflicting in my spirit, how to discover this blind path, which the world for so many ages hath trod in, to be a mistaken way. And againe, some howers time, in my secret thoughts, admiring the justice and mercie of God; mercie, in restrayning Satan, and keeping him in chaines; justice, in letting him loose, for the execution of his owne decrees. At last I fixt upon this assertion; That it did not consist with the infinite goodnes of the almighty God, to let Satan loose, in so ravenous a way, upon poore, mellanchollie, dark-minded, discontented creatures; and lett him be bound up from acting this, his most sordid part, with such whose constitutions were readie to kick at heaven, by all kinds of atheisme, prophanes, and wickednes. Though I did conceive, that God, in his wisdom, had his severall dispensations; and could proportion punishments to everie man's sin: which was not fit for mee to prie into, but humblie to submitt to the almightie Power, with, *O the depth*, &c. yet could I not be satisfied. But (with struglings and wrastlings with God, with teares and prayers) I humblie besought him, either to take this opinion from mee (which is, that Satan doth not worke theise effects by witches, which themselves confesse) or to confirme it to mee, some way or other, that hee doth: that I might not live in an error.

And this was presented to God with all humilitie of soule; submitting my will to his; and that hee would not impute this to mee as a presumption. Laying my desires at his feet, and being wing'd with such a spirit, as, I thought at that time, was able to overcome Satan arm'd with his mallice.

I came to this conclusion. That if it be true, that Satan doth worke theise effects (in a particular way) I might see something to assure it to mee. If not, that I might see nothing.

This (being in it selfe an unlawful desire, and a tempting of the Almighty) might well apale poore flesh and blood to

aske it. And so it did. For a trembling seiz'd mee when I had spoke the words. But I neither sawe, hearde, or found any thing, but my owne feares. Which weaker spirits might have been worse transported with. But this I acknowledge a great presumption in mee ; and a greater mercie and indulgence in God, to his poore weake creature, to passe by his infirmitie.

But I never had cause since to alter this opinion ; nor do I find it any way derogatory to the honor of God ; or inconsistent with his justice and mercie, that I doe not believe the vaine chimeras, without any superstructure of reason, which the people build upon this foundation.

As charitie is one of the most excellent graces which the soule in flesh can fixe upon, so wee are often deluded by it ; that our ignorance makes it a crime : maynteyning vice in steed of cherishing poore wanting vertue.

I have seene some begging in the high-way, with bladders fastned to their secret parts, to swell them into a rupture. Others, whose inverted tongues have proclaim'd them dumbe. Some, whose crouches could hardlie support them, most miraculously have run away, and left them to the beadle. Theise halting artifices makes this age's charitie so unactive.

Going to Westminster, I overtooke, nere White-hall, a creeping fellow, whose upright stature, had hee beene extended, would have made one of the pretorian cohorts. I lookt upon his face, as I past by, and sawe a yellow jaundice, or a worse disease, had almost doubled him, and shrunke his voice. The truth is, I thought him an object fitt for my charitie ; and staid to make him soe. But looking somewhat intently upon his face, I found it rubb'd with brimstone, or some other tincture to color his knaverie.

My tongue being then more nimble than my hand, I tax'd him with it. Hee would not dure the triall ; but left his double-dealing ; grew an upright man ; and, maugre his disease, run away from mee. He was a person, who, had he

had a mind fitted unto his bodie, might have commanded men. But that was of so base an allay, as made him below a beast, who complains not, without cause.

In November this year, holding up a clap-stile in Pond-parke, (where I dwell) for my wife to passe over; and standing, to that end, stradling upon the lower part of it, my feet slipt from the steps, and I fell just upon a pale, some two feet below mee, that I satt like one of those souldiers, whose misdemenors bring them to feele the sharpenes of the wooden horse.

I recovered my feet presentlie; but almost lost my senses. For, in the fall, the *os sacrum* lighting upon the pale, with my weight (which is the lowest bone of the *spinalis* or back-bone, and which is contiguous to, and holds correspondence with, the braine) there was, for a time, a cessation of the animal faculties. Nature being startled and distorted in her habitts, I fell downe, pale and deadlie discolor'd. Which made my wife cry outt, as if I had beene dying. But, after some pause, the obstructed spiritts found their old functions; and I got home: but bruised, and verie sore. And,

Being in so dangerous a case, I cal'd to mind an old natural balsum of Peru that I had; which was not only of an aromatick sapor, but I had found it very penetrative, by letting some drops of it fall upon a peece of lether. My reason told me, that the sweetnes of the smell, and the peircingness of its nature, could not be without some medicinall or healing vertue. And with this I fretted all my back-bone, and the contused parts. And found the operation of it to be so pretious, as if either the radicall humor of man's bodie were of the nature of the balsum of Peru, or that balsum were of the nature of man's bodie. For it doth incorporate with, supple, mundifie, and strengthen the outward parts; helping all defects it is applied to. And

Paracelsus, in his booke *de Vita longa*, telling mee that life

was but a kind of balsum; I lookt into Scroderus, for his opinion of it. Where, finding it full of transcending vertues, I have discovered in it by experience a wonderfull perfection. For it is good for all outward hurts, old and newe. And inwardlie taken, four or five drops in a praine or pap of an apple, it discusses and expells all bad humors of what quallitie soever; corroborates weake parts; clenses the intestines of all flatuous humors; preserves radicall moisture; and, taken with discretion, prevents all diseases. O excellent wisdom, which hath made these soveraigne things for the use of man!

In June, 1648. the people of Essex, wearied with war (as that which drew from them, nor onelie their blood, but their livelihood) petitioned the parliament for a personal treatie with the King. That, by bringing in the royal power againe, with some limitation, they might close up the breach, which the division between the prince and the people had made.

This being generallie the ayme of the petitioners, it was scrued up higher by the royall partie in the countie, who would be as forward as others to have the King againe.

This occasioned many meetings of some of the gentlemen of the countie, in which they did desire the Earl of Warwick, Lord Lieutenant there, to give them commission to put the countie into a posture of defence. Pretending, that all the armes (in these times of distraction) were either lost, or imbezeld. And those defects were fitt to be supplied; that, upon any emergent occasion, they might be readie to defend themselves and the parliament.

Upon these reasons the Earle sent downe warrants to the severall captaines, to muster all their companies; but to doe it apart, and upon severall dayes; that a view might be made of the armes.

But this command, not tending to a conjunction of the forces, they prest againe for a generall muster. Alledging, that the companies, thus exercised apart, did lend their armes

one to another. Soe that there could be no discoverie of their weaknes.

This was wiselie declin'd by my Lord, as fearing it to tend to some commotion; that by his authoritie they might have acted their rebellious intentions. But hee sweetned them with delays; to see if he could with gentlenes stop the current of this humor; and sent mee, to one of their meetings, to feel the pulse of their spirits. And I found it high enough. Yett all tending, in shewe, to their owne, and the countrie's securitie.

They complain'd, that those which were petitioners for the King againe, were lookt on as enemies to the parliament, and threatned with sequestration and plunder, the two lashes of the new whip. To which end, the strength of the countie was wresting out of their hands; the magazine at Chensford (upon designe) to be removed to Maldon. Soe they should be left naked to the malice of their enemies, who graspt all power into their hands, to crush them: men different to them, both in opinion and affection, managing the countrie's affaires.

These distempers broke out not onelie in Essex; but, Kent and Surrie, being tainted with the same malignant humor, there were correspondencies among them by some perticular factors, who drew them into a kind of combination.

And now the King's broken souldierie swarm'd from everie part to this sore, to suck advantages out of it. Which made many, well-affected to peace, decline that which they had formerly advanced. For, though they were willing to have the King come in, as the most immediate way to close up the breach; yett they would not have him come by those hands, which would make it greater.

But some, who built their hopes upon the publique ruins, lookt upon this conjuncture of time as most suitable to their ends; the Lieutenant Generall being in the north, expecting

the Scotts; the seamen revolting, turning the Admiral Rainsborow ashore; and, the Lord Fairfax not having, as they thought, a competent armie; it swel'd them into this presumption. So that, in Essex, Sir William Hixe, one of the Deputie Lieutenants, and Farr and Smith, Lieutenant Colonel and Maior to my Lord's regiment (who had often press'd for a generall muster) now, without order, sent out their warrants, and brought the train'd bands to Chensford; pretending the service of the countrie.

But the first tumor, or rising, appeared in Kent; which the Lord Generall quicklie lanc'd; letting out the evil matter: which dispers'd it selfe into several quarters. The Lord Goring, with a partie of four or five hundred of them, crossing the Thames in boates, came to Chensford; where they found spirits of as malignant a temper as themselves.

That day that Goring crost the water, my Lord sent me to Leeze, with a great part of his familie, to secure his house. I mett Mr. Rich, Sir Harbottle Grimston, and Sir Martin Lumley in the way, who had bene at Chensford, to offer those tumultuous people indempnitie from the parliament, if they would retire to their owne homes. But they slighted their offer. And the parliament men, with some difficultie, got from them: they having committed Sir Henrie Rowe and others of the committee of the countie, intending they should run the same hazard they did.

The newes coming fresh that morning to the parliament, that the Lord Generall had routed the Kentish forces at Maidstone, I gave theise gentlemen the first notice of it. They desired mee to inform Sir William Hixe of it, and others of the leaders at Chensford. Which I did. But it tooke noe impression in their beleifes. They askt mee, what the Common Councill did at London? And, whether there were not uprores there? I told them, all was quiett; and therefore they ran a dangerous hazard in this attempt. But

there was too much noise, too many commanders, and too few obeyers, to listen to any good advice. But I gather'd by their discourse, that they expected a generall insurrection; especially in the citie.

As we were in this discourse, one comes in and gives an alarum. Whether, of designe, to prepare them; or, out of feare? I staid not to examine. For, in the confusion, I slunke away; least I should bee taken in their trapp; and went home to Leeze, to secure my Lord's house: which I could easilie do, if any partie, or straglers, should attempt it.

From thence I sent scouts everie day, to know, which way they bent their course, and what they did? And I heard, that the Lord Capell, with some few with him; the Lord Loughborow, and his brother, with some others, were come to them. That they had drawne their forces into the feild; and there the soldiers made election of Sir Charles Lucas to bee their Generall, one who had bene a great commander for the King. And then, the Lord Goring coming up with his rabble, it made many, both officers and soulders, slip away from Chensford; assuring themselves, that bodie could not be of a sound constitution, where there was such a predominance of peccant humors.

My Lord Generall, hearing of this commotion, and of Goring's joyning with them; sent Colonel Whaley, with a partie of fifteen hundred horse and foot, to follow theise roisters, and amuse them, 'till he could bring up more forces to quell them. Who, drawing somewhat nere them, they began to stirr.

Upon their first motion, one of my scouts gave mee intimation, that they intended to rifle my Lord's armorie at Leeze. And, presently after, I had a message from my Lord Goring, that he would dine at Leeze (being on Saturday the of June) and borrow my Lord's armes.

I knew it impossible for mee, with five hundred men, (if I

had them) to hold the house against an armie which brought ordinance. And, receyving assurance from them, that nothing should be taken away but armes ; I shutt up the gates ; cal'd our people into the armorie, and tooke downe one intire side of it, and better : hiding the armes in divers obscure places of the house. Which we had no sooner done, but some thirty or forty gentlemen, collonells, and other officers, came to the gates ; protesting, they came from Lord Goring and Sir Charles Lucas, to protect the house, from the violence and rapine of the souldiers. And,

Finding some of them to be our neighbours (as, Collonel Maxey, and his brother ; Mr. Nevell's son, of Cressing-Temple, and some others, whom I knew) who might do us good, and could do us no hurt (for wee had men enough in the house to grapple with them ; theye being arm'd onelie with swords, and wee having everie man his carbine or muskett) I lett them in. And trulie their demeanour was very faire and civill.

Presently, after them, the armie marcht through one of the parkes, and came close by the house. But, having neither order nor discipline among them, the souldiers left their ranks ; and some fell to killing of deere ; some to taking of horses ; and others clamber'd over the walls and came into the house. Those who were abroad could not be restrayned ; but those who came over the walls, were beaten out againe by theise gentlemen.

About one of the clock the Lord Goring came ; who, in a very formall speech, told mee, his intention was onlie to borrow my Lord's arms. That there was a necessitie for it : their lives, honor, and all that was deare to them, depended upon it. That they were pursued by an enemy ; and, they, having many unarmed men, must make themselves as strong as they can, for their owne defence. That they should be delivered to him by inventorie, and hee (like an old courtier)

would see them made good again. But he assur'd mee, wee should receyve no other prejudice : for nothing, but armes and munition, should bee deminisht.

Then he went up into the armorie. And, seeing it so emptie, hee askt, what was become of the rest of the armes ? I told him, my Lord of Manchester had armes out of it for his regiment, which were lost at the battle of Kinton. Which was a truth. And hee made no further inquirie ; but tooke those he found there.

Then he commanded a partie of about an hundred men to come into the outward court, to take away the armes : whereof he distributed some. The rest were loaded in carts. And theise men could hardlie secure the house from the rabble, who prest to get in. So that the officers had much ado to keep themselves from being overrun by their owne souldiers. For there being two generalls, and all the scum of the countrie, and many hundreds of apprentice boyes from London (for the train'd bands were most of them gone, leaving their armes behind them) who knew not whom to call commander, nor how to bee obedient ; there was such a confusion, that the officers, with swords drawne, did not onelie protect the house, but themselves.

By that time that they had gott carts, loaded them with armes, and fitted my Lord's teame of horses to drawe away two brasse-field-peece which were in the house, it inclined towards night. About seaven of the clock (my Lord Goring being gone) Sir Charles Lucas, and some of the chiefe officers, came to mee and told mee, there were more armes in the house, and they would have them, or they would search all the house for them. And some of the officers were pleas'd to threaten me verie roughlie, if I conceal'd any. I wisht them to do their pleasures ; they should see all the house free.

Lucas pointed to the place where the said armes were. It seemes some traytor among our selves had inform'd him, that

wee had reserv'd some of them. I suspected one of the ordinarie women to be the divulger of it. The housekeeper being by mee, I winkt on him to goe out of the way. And then I cal'd for the housekeeper, with the keyes; seeming greedie to lay all open to thier view. But, the housekeeper not being soudainely found, night drew on, and part of their armie was marcht away. Collonel Whaley was at their heeles, and gave them an alarum. So that it hindred any further search.

Then they mounted with all speed, and had much adoe to gett their souldiers out of the house. Lucas riding into the inner court, to fetch some of them out (the pavement being of smooth free-stone) his horse slipt and fell flat upon his side, bruising the rider's thigh and knee, so that hee could scarce stand (which was but a bad omen to his enterprise) but hee was helpt up againe, and they hasted away.

So wee lost some horses, two brasse guns, a great part (though not halfe) our armes, foure barrells of powder, some match and bullett; and after (the drinking some twenty hogsheads of beere, one hogshead of sack, and eating up all our meat, and killing at least one hundred deere in the three parkes about the house) wee were ridd of our ill guests.

Yett some of our good neighbours bruted it in the countrie, that wee had feasted them, and invited them to take away the armes; that wee might have held out the house against them, but were willing to entertaine them; and that I was of that partie, and had bene at their meetings, and was forward enough to comply with them.

Theise rumors much troubled mee. And (my Lord being voted againe Lord Admirall, and taken upon him the reducing of the revolted ships) I was loth to have them come to my Lord Generall's eare, who was now coming into the countrie. For, having stopt the current of that madd humor in Kent, he crost the Thames at Gravesend, with some part of his armie, to pursue the enimie.

Therefore, to anticipate and prevent the knowledge, that false reports might not take too deepe impression, I mett his Excellencie betwixt Billereca and Chensford. Sir Richard Everard brought me to him. Hee askt me, what the enimie's cariage and demeanor was? And what the strength of their armie might be? I gave him a short account, of the confusednes of their discipline; and that their armie might be six or seven thousand strong; but they were not in any order, nor well arm'd. And when hee heard I had reserv'd the best part of the armes, maugre their threatnings; hee very noblie said, it was a good argument they were not willinglie delivered.

But one of the field officers, riding by the Generall, said, if wee had kept them out two howers, Collonell Whaley's forces would have bene on their jacks. I replied, they were kept out of the house, for many of them were not lett in; and the bodie of their armie stood in batalia, upon a grene close, by one of the parkes, nine or ten howers, without any alarum; though both horse and foot stragled up and downe among the neighbouring villages to pilfer; and many hundreds of them running about the parks to kill up the deere and catch up the horses. So, that, if there had bene an alarum given them in that time, they would have bene taken in great disorder. For they came to us at ten of the clock in the morning, and had no alarum 'till almost eight at night. After this I heard nothing objected; and the false rumors spread no further. For though falsehood gives report a birth, yett truth gives it buriall.

But Goring's marching to Colchester, and the Lord Generall's following and besiedging him there, will be out of the rode of my storie heere; intending onelie such passages as relate to my selfe. Wherein I must acknowledge an almightie mercie; that neither the madnes of our enemies, nor the mallice of our freinds, did doe us any great mischeife.

The 30. of Julie this yeare, being at dinner at Leeze, whe-

ther some drop or crum, having past the litle trap-dore of the wind-pipe (which the great Author of nature hath sett there to prevent such inconveniencies) or what other obstruction it was in the breathing-passage, I know not ; but I found my breath stopt for a good time ; in so much as they, who sat at dinner with mee, were transported with feare that I was choakt. But it pleased God, after some struggling, to cleare the way, that I might continue yett to be one of those poore creatures, whose breath is in their nostrills. And (though many times life makes passage through as narrow a dore, and the walls of flesh and blood are scarce wind proffe) yet health is so impudent, that it dares almost build to it selfe a perpetuities, upon this pittifull poore foundation.

But in this I have speciall cause to blesse God, that, while I was not able to speake with my tonge, my heart got strength and mounted with the wings of love to heaven. So that I was assur'd in my owne soule, if I had breath'd no more, my last breath would have bene in the armes of an eternall mercie ; which living and dying, I hope will never leave mee. For,

Within six dayes after this, hunting a stag in the park where I dwell, my horse started as I was in full carriere, and run mee under the side of an oak, so soudainlie, that I could not see to avoid a bough which incounter'd with my fore head ; which (had it not bene rotten) had knockt out my braines. But it was soe wither'd that it snapt in two, and did mee no hurt. Soe constant is the almightie mercie to me. Which while I breath I will acknowledge. And lett everie thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

N^o. IV.

The Author's Picture, drawn by himself.

[From his "History of Great Britain," London 1653, folio.]

AS others print their *pictures*, I will place
 My *mind* in *frontispiece*, plain as my *face*;
 And every *line*, that is here drawn, shall be
 To pencill out my *soule's physiognomie*,
 Which on a radiant *height* is fixt. My *brow*
 Frowns not for these *miscarriages* below,
 Unless I mean to *limit* and *confine*
 Th' *almighty Wisdom* to conceits of *mine*.
 Yet have no envious eyes against the *crown*,
 Nor did I strive to pull the *miter* down.
 Both may be good, but when *heads* swell, men say,
 The rest of the poor *members* pine away,
 Like *ricket-bodies* upwards over-grown,
 Which is no wholsom *constitution*.

The grave mild *Presbyter* I could admit,
 And am no *foe* to th' *Independent* yet;
 For I have *levell'd* my intents to be
 Subservient unto *Reason's sovereignty*;
 And none of these *state-passions* e'r shall rise
 Within my *brain*, to rule and tyrannize.
 For by *Truth's sacred lamp* (which I admire)
 My *zeal* is kindled, not *fanatique fire*.

But I'll avoyd those *vapours*, whose swoln *spight*
 And foming *poyson* would put out this *light*.
 Vain *fuellers*! they think (who doth not know it)
 Their *light's* above 't, because their *walk's* below it.
 Such blazing *lights* like *exhalations* climb,
 Then fall, and their best matter proves but slime:

Appendix.

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For where *conceited goodness* finds no want,
There *holiness* becomes *luxuriant*.

Now my great trouble is, that I have shown
Other men's faults, with so many of my *own* ;
And all my *care* shall be, to shake off quite
The *old man's* load, for him whose *burthen's* light,
And grow to a *full stature*, till I be
Form'd like to *Christ*, or *Christ* be form'd in *me*.

Such *peeces* are *grav'n* by a *hand divine*
For which, I'll give my *God* this *heart of mine*.

Contemnit linguas vita probanda malas.

N^o. V.*Heads of Arthur Wilson's Will.*

[Taken from the original in the Prerogative Office, Doctors Commons, and communicated to me by the kindness of Edmund Lodge, Esq. Lancaster Herald.]

ARTHUR WILSON, of Felsted in Essex, gent.—Gives the 16th part of a ship, which cost him 30l. and 10l. in money to his sister Judith's children—To his sister Mary 40l. and the lease of his house in Portpool Lane—Names the youngest daughter of his sister Catharine—Gives to his cousin Robert Nixon 10l., and to his cousin Richard Nixon 10l., and Camden's Britannia, and all his books of English Chronicles in English—To his son in law William Webb his Statute books, and all other books concerning the Law—All his other books “to my Lord's Library at Leeze, to be continued always to the benefit of the chaplains of that noble house”—His daughter Webb—To his friend Mrs. Mary Humphries 10l. with Gerard's Herbal, and “my Physic MS. with blue strings”—To the Poor of Little Leeze 40l.—To Poor of Felsted 4l.—Residue to his wife (of whom he speaks with much tenderness) that is to say, his “little house and lands in Felsted, called Drinkalls,” and after her death, the said estate to the Poor of Felsted for ever, and his house and lands on Cleveland's Green, in Felsted, called Clevelands, for her life, and then to his cousin Richard Nixon, and his heirs, charging said latter estate, when it shall come to said Richard Nixon, with payments to his sisters Mary and Catharine, and to the eldest son of his sister Judith, of 20l. each; and to his cousins Captain Robert Nixon, and John Nixon, 10l. each—Money, plate, household stuff, &c. not already bequeathed, to his wife, and she Executrix.—Dated Aug. 1, 1650.

By a Codicil dated Sept. 28, 1650, he revokes all legacies of books, and gives his whole library to his "noble Lord the Earl of Warwick," whom he requests "to appoint a fit place for disposing and chaining them with safety, so as they may be continued to the use and service of that noble family"—To the Countess of Warwick, "in testimony of my humble duty and gratitude for all her noble and undeserved favours to to me," 50l. to be by her laid out in a piece of gold plate—To Arthur Nixon, son of his cousin Robert Nixon, 20l.—To his friend Mr. William Jessopp his best diamond ring—Names his late grandchild Elizabeth Spittie—His wife dead since the date of his will.

Will and Codicil proved Oct. 16. 1652.

Nº. VI.

*Character of Wilson written by Edward Bathurst, B. D.
Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford.*

[Transcribed from the original manuscript note, written in a leaf prefixed to the copy of Wilson's "History of Great Britain," folio, London 1653, now in Trinity College Library.]

THE author of this History, Mr. Arthur Wilson, was a fellow-commoner of Trinity Coll. in Oxon, when Dr. Kettell was President, for the space of one whole year, 1632, being then in his full ripeness of age ; during which time he was very punctual in frequenting the chappel and hall, and in observing all orders of the colledge and vniversity. He had little skill in the Latin tongue, less in the Greek, a good readiness in the French, and some smattering in the Dutch. He had travailed in Germany, France, and Spain. He was well seen in the Mathematicks, and and was a commendable poet. He made some Comedies, which were acted at Black-Friers in London, by the King's players, and in the Act time at Oxon, with good applause, himself being present. Part of this book he composed in Trinity colledge, some yeares before the civill warrs. He attended on Robert Devereux, Earle of Essex from his youth ; from whom he afterwards received an yearly pension. So that the reader may the less wonder if he finde him somewhat falsbyassed, favouring that Earle and allyes, and vnder-prizing such as were more in the King's favour. His carriage was very courteous and obliging, and such as might become a well-bred gentleman. Having had a good knowledge of him, and some acquaintance with him, I thought good to give the reader this advertisement.

E. B.

[Then follows in the hand writing of Thomas Warton, B. D.
Fellow of Trinity College: author of the "History of English
Poetry."]

See the Life of Arthur Wilson, written by himself in Peck's
"Desiderata Curiosa," vol. ii. lib. xii. pag. 6.

See also the account of him, in Wood's "Athenæ Oxon."
which is partly transcribed from the above note of Ed. Ba-
thurst. "Athen. Oxon." vol. ii. N^o. 88. edit. prima.

N^o. VII.*Anthony à Wood's Account of Wilson.*

[From "Athenæ Oxonienses," edit. folio, London 1721, col. 155.]

ARTHUR WILSON, son of Richard Wilson of Yarmouth in Norfolk gent. was born in that county, became a gent. com. of Trin. Coll. in the year 1631, being then about 33 years of age, where spending more than two years, was all the academical education that he ever received, but whether he took a degree, or was actually created M. of A. as some of his relations have told me, it doth no where appear in the registers. During his stay in the said Coll. he was very punctual in frequenting the chappel and hall, and in observing all orders of the College and University. He had little skill in the Lat. tongue, less in the Greek, a good readiness in the French, and some smattering in the Dutch. He had travelled in Germany, France, and Spain in the quality of a servant to Robert Earl of Essex, and was well seen in the Mathematics and poetry, and something in the common law of the nation, He had composed some Comedies, which were acted at the Black-Friers in Lond. by the King's players, and in the Act time at Oxon, with good applause, himself being present; but whether they are printed I cannot yet tell: sure I am that I have seen several specimens of his poetry printed in divers books. His carriage was very courteous and obliging, and such as did become a well-bred gentleman. He also had a great command of the English tongue, as well in writing as speaking, and had he bestowed his endeavours on another subject than that of history, they would have without doubt seemed better. For in those things which he hath done, are wanting the principal matters conducing to the completion of that faculty, viz. matter from record, exact time, name and

place; which, by his endeavouring too much to set out bare collections in an affected and bombastic stile, are much neglected. The capacious title of these collections, is,

“The History of Great Britain, being the Life and Reign of K. James the First, relating to what passed from his first access to the Crown, till his Death.” Lond. 1653. fol. which History (which some call an infamous pasquil) you find the author to favour Rob. d’ Evereux the last Earl of Essex and his allies, and to underprize such as were more in the King’s favour than he. The reason is, because he from his youth had attended that Count in his chamber, and had received an annual pension from him several years. After his death, he was received into the family of Robert Earl of Warwick, and by him made his steward; of whose father, namely Robert also, he maketh honourable mention in the said History; in which may easily be discerned a partial Presbyterian vein that constantly goes throughout the whole work. And being the geny of those people to pry more than they should into the courts and comportments of princes, do take occasion thereupon to traduce and bespatter them. Further also, the author having endeavour’d in many things to make the world believe that K. James, and his son after him, were inclined to Popery, and to bring that religion into England, hath made him subject to many errors and misrepresentations. He gave way to fate at Felsted, near Little Leighes (the seat of the Earl of Warwick) in the county of Essex, about the beginning of October in sixteen hundred fifty and two, and was buried in the chancel of the church there. After his death the said history coming into the hands of a certain doctor had some alterations made therein (as ’tis said) by him, who shaped it according to his desire. In the year before the said History was published, came out a most desperate and bellous book, full of lies, nonsense, &c. entitled “The Divine Catastrophe of the Kingly family of the House of Stuart

or, a short History of the Rise, Reign, and Ruin thereof. Wherein the most secret and Chamber-Abominations of the two last Kings (Jam. I. and Ch. I.) are discovered," &c. Lond. 1652. oct. written by one who pretended to be a diligent observer of the times, named Sir Edw. Peyton, Knight and Baronet, the same who had written and published "A Discourse concerning the Fitness of the Posture necessary to be used in taking the Bread and Wine at the Sacrament." Lond. 1642. qu. The said book called "The Divine Catastrophe, &c." being highly resented by the royalists, the author of it therefore was condemn'd of great baseness and ingratitude. His puritanical education had been at Cambridge for a time, and therefore he being out of my road, I have no more to say of him but this, that he was bred in grammar learning at S. Edmund's Bury, that after he had left the University, he settled on his patrimony in Cambridgeshire, (in which county, I suppose, he was born) that afterwards he served in one or more parliaments in the latter end of Jac. I. and in others after, and was Custos Rotulorum for Cambridgeshire, of which office he was deprived by the endeavours of the great favourite of K. Jam. I. called George Duke of Buckingham. At length he sided with the Presbyterians in the time of grand rebellion, had his share of sufferings for that cause while the war lasted, wrote a sharp pamphlet against the King's violation of the rights and privileges of parliament (as he calls them) by endeavouring to seize upon, and imprison five of the members thereof, 4 Jan. 1641. and was ready upon all occasions to blast the reputation of his Majesty and his followers. At length having lived to see the line of the Stuarts extirpated for a time, died at Wicket in Cambridgeshire in the beginning of the year 1657.

Notes.

Pag. vi. lin. 1. *See Notes, &c.] John Warburton's List of Plays; transcribed from his own Memorandum in the Lans MSS. N^o. 849.*

“ MANUSCRIPTS.

“ The Hon^d Loves, by Will. Rowley.
Henry y^e 1st by Will. Shakespear and Rob. Davenport.
The Fair Favourit.
Minervas Sacrifice. Phill. Massenger.
Duke Humphrey. Will. Shakespear.
Citty Shuffler.
S^r Joⁿ Sucklings Workes.
Nothing Impossible to love. T. C. S^r Rob. le Green.
The Forc'd Lady. A T. Phill. Massinger.
The Governer. T. S^r Cornⁿ Fermido.
The Lovers of Loodgate.
The Flying Voice, by Ra. Wood.
The Mayden Holaday, by Chris^r Marlowe.
The Fatal Love.
The Puritan Maid, y^e Modest Wife, and y^e Wanton Wido
Tha. Middleton.
The London Marchat. A Com. by Jo. Ford.
The King of Swedland.
Love hath found out his eyes, by Tho. Jorden.
Antonio and Vallia, by Phill. Massinger.
The Dutches of Fernandina. T. Hen. Glapthorn.
Jocondo & Astolfo. C. Tho. Decker.
S^t Geo^e for England, by Will. Smithe.
The Parliam^t of Love, by W^m Rowley.
The Widows Prise. C. W^m Sampson.

The Inconstant Lady. W^m. Wilson.
 The Womans Plott. Phill. Massinger.
 The *Marchants Sacrifice**, Crafty Marchal. C. Shack^r Marmion.
 An Interlude by Ra. Wood.—worth nothing.
 The Tyrant. A Tragedy, by Phill. Massinger.
 The *Yorkshire Gentlewoman and her Son*. T^a.
 The None Such. A C. W^m Rowley.
 The Royal Combate. A C. by Joⁿ Forde.
 Philenzo & Hipolito. A C. by Phill. Massenger.
 Beauty in a Trance. M^r Joⁿ Forde.
 The Judge. A C. by Phill. Massinger.
 A good beginning may have a good end, by Joⁿ Ford.
 Fast and Welcome. C. by Phill. Massinger.
 Belive as yoⁿ list. C. by Phill. Massinger.
 His^t of Jobe, by Rob. Green.
 The Vestall. A Tragedy, by H. Glapthorn.
 The Noble Tryall. T. H. Glapthorn.
 Yorkshire Gentlewoman and her Son. T.
 The Hon^r of Women. A C. by P. Massinger.
 Alexias or y^e chast Glallant. T. P. Massinger.
 The Vestal. A Tragedy. H. Glapthorn.
 The Noble choise. T. C. P. Massinger.
 A Mask. R. Govell.
 * 2^d Maidens Trag^y. Geo. Chapman.
 The Great Man. T.
 The Spanish Purchas. C.
 * The Queen of Corsica. T. by F. Jaques.
 The Trag^y of Jobe.—Good.
 The Nobleman. T. C. Cyrill Turnu^{er}.
 A Play by Will. Shakespear.
 * Bugbear. C. Joⁿ Geffrey.
 Orpheus. C.
 Tis good Sleeping in a Whole Skin. W. Wager.
 Farry Queen.

* Erased from the list.

" After I had been many years collecting these MSS. Playes, through my own carlesness and the ignorace of my Sir. in whose hand I had lodgd them, they was unluckely burnd or put under pye bottoms, excepting y^e three^b w^{ch} followes. J. W."

For this list I am indebted to the accuracy of Mr. Haslewood. It has been printed in the second volume of Reed's " Shakspeare," and in the second part of the " Catalogue of the Lansdowne MSS." but incorrectly in both places.

P. 6. l. 8. By this corrupted *mattayle*] *Mattayle* for *mettal*.

P. 7. l. 27. Yes—

That mauchandize with suitors]

Meaning, *Yes, there are those that traffic with their suitors, &c.*

P. 10. l. 19. *Amadis de Gaul,*

Sir Palmerin of England,]

These romances are well known to most readers of the present day, and were extremely popular both before and during our Author's time. " And then opening another book, he saw it was *Palmerin de Oliva*; near unto which stood another, entitled, *Palmerin of England*; which the licentiate perceiving, said, let *Oliva* presently be rent to pieces, and burnt in such sort, that even the very ashes thereof may not be found: and let *Palmerin of England* be preserved, as a thing rarely delectable, and let such another box as that which Alexander found among Darius's spoils, and deputed to keep Homer's works, be made for it; for, gossip, this book hath sufficient authority for two reasons; the first, because of it self it is very good, and excellently contriv'd; the other, forasmuch as the report runs, that a certain discreet king of Portugal was the author thereof. All the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are excellent and artificial, the discourses very clear and courtly, observing evermore a decorum in him that speaks, with great propriety and conceit: therefore I say, master Nicholas, if you think good, this and *Amadis de Gaule* may be preserv'd from the fire and let all the rest, without further search or regard, perish."

^b These three are denoted by an asterisk in the preceding list. They are now in the British Museum.

"Don Quixote," translated by Shelton, vol. i. pag. 39. edit. 12mo. 1740.

I extract from these productions a specimen of the passages which it is probable Wilson intended to ridicule.

A damsel having brought Amadis a letter from Oriana, that knight fetching a vehement sigh, somewhat softly he thus spake.—
' Ah happy letter, most diuinely wast thou found, in respect thou hast beene kept by her, who hath my heart in her custodie, and for whom I haue so often assayed to die, yet I cannot. For thinking on her perfection I seeke to augment it by strength and commendation, but of so slender value is my puissance found; that striving thereby to gain her favor, the least pain I feel surpasseth a thousand deaths; which (neverthelesse) are now recompenced by this present benefite. O highest God, when shall I see the time, wherein I may giue her to vnderstand, how great my deuotion is to obey her by some agreable service.' "Amadis de Gaule," translated by Ant. Munday, fol. 1618. first book, ch. 10.

Amadis thus addressed Oriana at a private interview.

' Madame, I account myselfe not so much fauoured by fortune in any thing else, as honored at my first entrance into your seruice euen the very highest tipe of grace she could affoord me; nor do I feeble myselfe so beholding to my vertues as I rest double bound to them that report so wel of me. But when both these benefits shall be excluded, yet is my loue and seruice to you so affectionate, as they can deserue no lesse then this secret gentlenes: and when you shall allow me more ample courtesie, it may command a stricter bond of duty but not affection, for that is already so substantially grounded, that the vttermost good you can do me, is neither able to augment it, or the sharpest vnkindnes diminish it. I know not whether it be seemely for a man, to confesse the extremities he hath infinite times endured by this passion, the very least griepe I received hath beene the losse of rest, and banishment of sleepe from mine eyes: and yet to afflict me with greater torment, my spirit hath seene in a dreame what it vncessantly desired. How many times hath it happened to me in thinking on you to be so confounded, that such as haue seene me, reputed me not only deprived

of common sence, but euen of very life itselfe? What woman what child well beaten, hath euer powred forth so many teares I poore knight haue done? yea my very chieftest enterprizes haue sprinkled withall for your sake, not as feeling myself a happy subject in loue, but rather too little merit of my selfe and much le hope,' &c. &c. "Amadis de Gaule," translated by Ant. Mund fol. 1618. first book, ch. 15.

Palmeridos hauing deliuered a number of knights from imprisonment, one of them thus communicated the fact to the Empe Palmerin.

' Mightie and inuincible Monarche, the hardye champion and flowre of knights named Palmeridos, who deliuered us from our Baledon in the isle of Delphos hath sent us (with this inestimable treasure) vnto your Majestie as the onelie Lorde and Prince of worlde, of whom he caryeth most humble and religious opinion that you should take compassion on our miseries, and graunt accesse to our owne houses.' "Hist. of Palmeridos," 1589. fol. 36.

Silvian squire to the Knight of Fortune thus addressed King of England.

' Most puissant Prince, the Knight of Fortune my noble lord and master, by mee in humilitie of his owne person, yeeldeth homage of his heart and knightly sword at your Graces commaund. Such was his intent as in your court he vowed to make proofe of his service, but fortune not so agreeing, instead of a quiet end (under your Graces leaue) he meaneth to come by way of a challenge,' &c. "Palmerin of England," 1639. first part, rev. K. 7

P. 11. l. 4. What's that—*The Schole of Complement?*] There can be little doubt, I think, that this refers to a small volume frequently printed about the time this play was written. "The Academie of Complements, wherein Ladies, Gentlewomen, Schollers, and Strangers, may accommodate their Courtly practice with general Ceremonies, Complementall amorous high expressions, and Forms of speaking or writing of Letters most in fashion. A work perus exactly perfected, every where corrected and enlarged, and increased by the Author with additions of many witty Poems and pleas

Songs. With an addition of a new Schoole of Love, and a Present of excellent Similitudes, Comparisons, Fancies, and Devices. The last Edition, with two Tables; the one expounding the most hard English words, the other resolving the most delightfull Fictions of the Heathen Poets. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, at the Princes Armes in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1650." With an engraved frontispiece by W. Marshall. Although I have not discovered the very passages delivered by Pantarbo, in this production, (which was doubtless the pocket companion of most of the fops of the day,) yet there are many directions to address august sovereigns and fair mistresses, equally pompons with those ridiculed in the play. The reader shall, if he please, have a specimen of each.

"Tenders of service too ones Sovereign.

Sir, It may appear great boldness in me altogether unknown unto your Majesty, to hope that any beam of favor should reflect on my unworthiness, to cherish my cheerful willingness, though with hazard of my life to do you any loyal service; yet encouraged by your royal goodness, that can let fall unequal, yet sufficient blessings on all: I beseech you to permit me, out of the valley of humility to look up unto the sacred hill of your highness Majesty, and at the foot thereof, kneeling, to offer up my devotions, and my most humble service; which if you graciously deign to accept, as I do humbly prostrate them, I shall account your favour the supreamest felicity, whereof I can be capable in this world, and I bless the hour that gave me opportunity to present myself and service to your employment, then which ambition can have no higher object." Page 53.

"Pearles of Eloquence.

At last, O fair one, cast the eyes of thy resplendant presence on thy abject creature, that by the brightness of those raies, his baseness may be turned into a most high, and through thy perfections, a most happy preferment; for being thus disconsolate, by the frowns of thy rigour, how soon maist thou raze down that temple, which at first was built by the refulgent smiles of thy beauty." Page 9.

There is a play, written by Shirley, entitled "The Schoole o Complement," printed, London 1631 : but Mr. Haslewood inform me, that it does not contain any passages which warrant a conjecture of its being alluded to in Wilson's play.

P. 11. l. 23. nor can your ruff,
Though printed at Madrid]

It is probable that the fashion of wearing ruffs was introduced into England from Spain. Queen Elizabeth, in the third year of her reign, first used ruffs of lawn and cambric, before which time the kings and queens of England wore them of fine holland. A ruff in print, or, as here, *printed*, signifies one that has its folds or puckers very exactly and regularly placed.

"Soe quaintly curious, euery sett so neate."

On this subject see Strutt's "Manners, Customs," &c. vol. ii. p. 88. and Peck's "Desiderata Curiosa," vol. ii. lib. xv. chap. 2.

P. 31. l. 8. — I, 'tis dangerous] The affirmative particle *ay* is always so written, and generally so printed, in early authors.

P. 37. l. 1. A goodly peece of *puff pac't*,

A little *lantified* to hold the gilding]

This *puff-paste*, for so I would read the first line, has an evident allusion (as Mr. Gilchrist remarks to me) to the ridiculous and extravagant entertainments so much in fashion during the reign of James the First. The unlimited profusion displayed on these occasions cannot be better exemplified, than in the following passage from Osborne's "Traditional Memoires on the Reign of King James."—"The Earl of Carlisle was one of the quorum, that brought in the vanity of *Ante-Suppers*, not heard of in our fore-father's time, and for ought I have read, or at least remember, unpractised by the most luxurious tyrants. The manner of which was, to have a board covered at the first entrance of the guests with dishes as high as a tall man could well reach, filled with the choicest and dearest viands sea and land could afford : and all this once seen, and having feasted the eyes of the invited, was in a manner thrown away, and fresh set on the same height, having only this advantage of the other that it was hot. I cannot forget one of the attendants of the King that at a feast, made by this monster in excess, eat to his single

share a whole pie reckoned to my Lord at ten pounds, being composed of amber-greece, majesterial of pearl, musk, &c. yet was so far (as he told me) from being sweet in the morning, that he almost poisoned his whole family, flying himself, like the satyr, from his own stink. And after such suppers huge banquets, no less profuse, a waiter returning his servant home with a cloak-bag full of dried sweet-meats and confects, valued to his Lordship at more than ten shillings the pound."

The word *lantified*, though seldom used, signifies, I conjecture, nothing more than *moistened with some glutinous liquid*, (like size,) which enables the pastry to retain the gilded ornaments with which it was decorated. I have been furnished by Mr. Rhodes with a quotation from a mock romance, "*The Spaniard: or Don Zara del Fogo*," 8vo. Lond. 1719. (first printed in 1656, under the title of "*Wit and Fancy in a Maze*,") which gives us the verb in the exact sense here used. "They had no sooner finish'd their ditty, but behold Madam Gylo (apparelled in a loose vestment, her hair bound up in a carnation cawl which excellently became her) appeared like another Juliet (ready to receive her beloved Romeo) on the battlements, bearing in her hand a pewter vessel, containing the quantity of about three quarts of that (which like the spider she had extracted from her own bowels) she had on purpose procured for our Champion's reception.—The Champion and Soto greatly rejoiced to see this morning star irradiate that horizon, but were soon returned to their quondam dejection, when they found their ears unguented with warm water, well *lantied* with a viscous ingredient." Page 41, 42.

P. 38. l. 5. Your teeth, like virginall iacks, pop in and out.] The virginal was an instrument somewhat resembling a small harpsicord, and the jacks here mentioned, the keyes which rise up and down when touched by the performer. Minshew tells us, that in Low Dutch the virginals are termed "*Clavircord*, quasi ex chordis et clavibus, vel quod chordæ clavibus intendantur, because the strings are wrested vp with kayes." "*Ductor in Linguas*," edit. Lond. 1617. pag. 508. But an historical anecdote, recorded by Sir Francis Bacon, is precisely in point. "When Queene Elizabeth

had aduanced Raleigh, she was one day playing on the virginals and my Lo. of Oxford, and another Noble-man, stood by. It fel out so, that the ledge before the Jacks, was taken away, so as the Jacks were seene: my Lo. of Oxford, and the other Noble-man smiled and a little wispered: the Queene marked it, and wouk needes know,—*What the matter was?* My Lo. of Oxford answered *That they smiled, to see, that when Jacks went vp, Heads went downe.* "Apophthegmes new and old collected by the Right Honovrable Francis Lo. Vervlain Viscount St. Alban. London 1625." 16mo p. 7. This was in covert allusion to Raleigh's favour at Court, and the execution of the Earl of Essex.

P. 45. l. 21. — make leggs —] To bow. A very common expression in our early writers. See several instances in Decker's "Guls Hornbooke," as edited by Dr. Nott, page 64. One shal suffice in this place, from the "Wonderful Year."

"He calls forth one by one, to note their graces,
Whilst they *make legs*, he copies out their faces."

P. 50. l. 7, 8, &c. The original MS. is defective in this and the next page, having evidently suffered from fire. Can this have been Mr. Warburton's copy, and rescued from the kitchen grate by accident?

P. 72. l. 9. I do not like that *skirtfoist* —] "Foysts, alias pick pocket, alias cutpurse." So explained in "Jests to make you merie." 4to. London 1607. page 37. As here used I conceive it to be a female sharper, or a woman of depraved character.

P. 109. l. 6. and now *faithfully reprinted.*] After this boast, it is with a very bad grace, that we are compelled to own an error in this number of the Appendix, which occurred through an accident not worth explaining. This is the omission of the dates inserted in the margin of Peck's book, which are really of consequence in four places: in all others the Text supplies the necessary information.

- c Viz. 1. Page 109. parag. 2. "When I was, &c." Read in the margin 160
2. Page 124. parag. 5. "That year, &c." Read in the margin 1630.
3. Page 141. parag. 5. "Going to Westminster, &c." Read in the margin 164
4. Page 142. parag. 2. "In November, &c." Read in the margin 1647.

P. 109. l. 16. When I was xix. years of age] This is an error of Peck's, or of the original MS. for xiv. Wilson was born in 1595, was (as we have just seen) seven years old in 1602, and consequently fourteen in 1609, the date in the margin. This error is retained in the "Biographia Dramatica."

P. 133. l. 13. I pull'd a booke] "Deus, Natura, Gratia."

P. 158. l. 4. Son of Richard.] Wood is wrong, see N°. I. of this Appendix, by which it appears, that the name of our Author's father was *John*.

Ibid. l. 23. several specimens of his poetry printed in divers books.] I can only call to mind the following in "Theophila, or Loves Sacrifice, a divine Poem. Written by E. B. Esq. (Edward Benlowes). Several Parts thereof set to fit Aires by Mr. J. Jenkins. London, Printed by R. N. Sold by Henry Seile in Fleet Street, and Humphrey Moseley at the Princes Arms in S. Pauls Church-Yard 1652." Folio.

For the much Honoured Author.

The winged *intellect* once taught to fly
By *art* and *reason*, may be bold to pry
Into the secrets of a wandring *star*,
Although its motions be irregular :
And from the smiles and glances that those bright
Corrivals cast, that do embellish night,
Guesse darkly at, though not directly know,
The various changes that fall here below.
And perching on the high'st *périmeter*,
May finde the distances of every *sphere*,
Which in full *orbs* do move, tunicled so
That the lesse spheres within the greater go,
As cell in cell, spun by the dying flie ;
Or ball in ball, turn'd in smooth *ivorie*.
Each hath a *prince* circled upon a throne,
In a refulgent habitation.
Only the *constellations* seem to be
Like nobles, in an *aristocrasie*.

Their *milkie way* like *innocence*, and thus
 Should all great actions be diaphanous.
 But the great *monarch*, *light*, disposes all :
 His stores are magazine, and festivall :
 And by his pow'r earths *epicycle* may
 Move in a silver *sphere*, as well as they.
 Else, her poor little *orb* appears to be
 A very point to their immensitie.
 Thus strung, like beads, they on their *centers* move ;
 But the great *center* of this all, is LOVE.

Though the brute creatures by the height of sense
 Foretell their calm and boystrous *influence*,
 Yet to finde out their *motions* is *mans* part,
 Not by the help of *nature*, but of *art*,
 Which rarifies the *soul*, and makes it rise,
 And sees no farther than *that* gives it eyes.
 And by that prospect will directly tell
 What *regions* stoop to every parallel.
 Which *cities* furred are with snow, which lie
 Naked, and scorcht under *heav'ns* canopie.
 How *men*, like cloves stuck in an orange, stand
 Still upright, with their feet upon the land.
 And where the seas oppos'd to us do flow,
 Yet quench they not that heat where spices grow.

It sees fair *mornings* rising neck beset
 With orient jems, like a rich carcanet.
 Who every night doth send her beams to spie
 In what dark caves her golden treasures lie :
 And there they brood and hatch the callow race,
 Till they take wing, and fly in every place.

It sees the frozen *firre* shrouding its arms,
 While *cocus* trees are courted with blest charms,
 That swell their pregnant womb : whose issue may
 Sweeten our *world*, but that they die by th' way.

It sees the *seasons* lying at the door,
 Some warm and wanton, and some cold and poor ;

And knows from whence they come, both foul and fair,
And from their presence *gilds*, or *soils* the air.

It sees plain *natures* face, how rude it looks
Till it be polished by *men* and *books* ;
And most of her dark *secrets* can discover
To open view of an industrious *lover*.

What ever under *heav'n's* great *throne* we prize
Or value, in *arts* chamber-practise lies.
But when before the ALMIGHTY JUDGE he come
To speak of HIM, my *orator* is dumb.

Go then, thou silent *soul*, present thy plea
By the fair *hand* of sweet THEOPHILA.
Hap'ly thy harsh and broken *strains* may rise
In the *perfume* of her sweet *sacrifice* :
And if by this *accesse* thou find'st a way
To th' highest THRONE, alas ! what canst thou say ?
What can the *bubble* (though its breath it bring
Upon the gliding stream) say of the *spring* ?
Can the proud painted *flow'r* boast that it knows
The root that bears it, and whereon it grows ?
Or can the crawling *worm*, though ne're so stout,
With its meandrings finde the *center* out ?
Can INFINITE be measur'd by a *span* ?
And what art thou, lesse than all these, *o man* ?

Man is a thing of nought ! yet from ABOVE
There beams upon his *soul* such *raies* of LOVE,
As may discover by *faith's* optick, where
The burning *bush* is, though not see HIM there.
The meekest *man* on earth did only see
His shadow shining there, it was not HE.
And if that great *soul*, who with holy flame,
And ravisht spirit to the *third heav'n* came,
Saw *things* unutterable, what can we
Expresse of those *things* that we ne're did see ?
The senses strongest pillars cannot bear
The weight of the least grain of GLORY there.

Notes.

No more then where to bound, or comprehend
INFINITE, they can *begin*, or *end*.

Since then the *soul* is circumscrib'd within
The narrow limits of a tender skin ;
Let us be babes in innocence, and grow
Strong *upwards*, and more weak to things *below*.
By sacred chymistrie, the *spirit* must
Ascend and leave the sediment to dust.

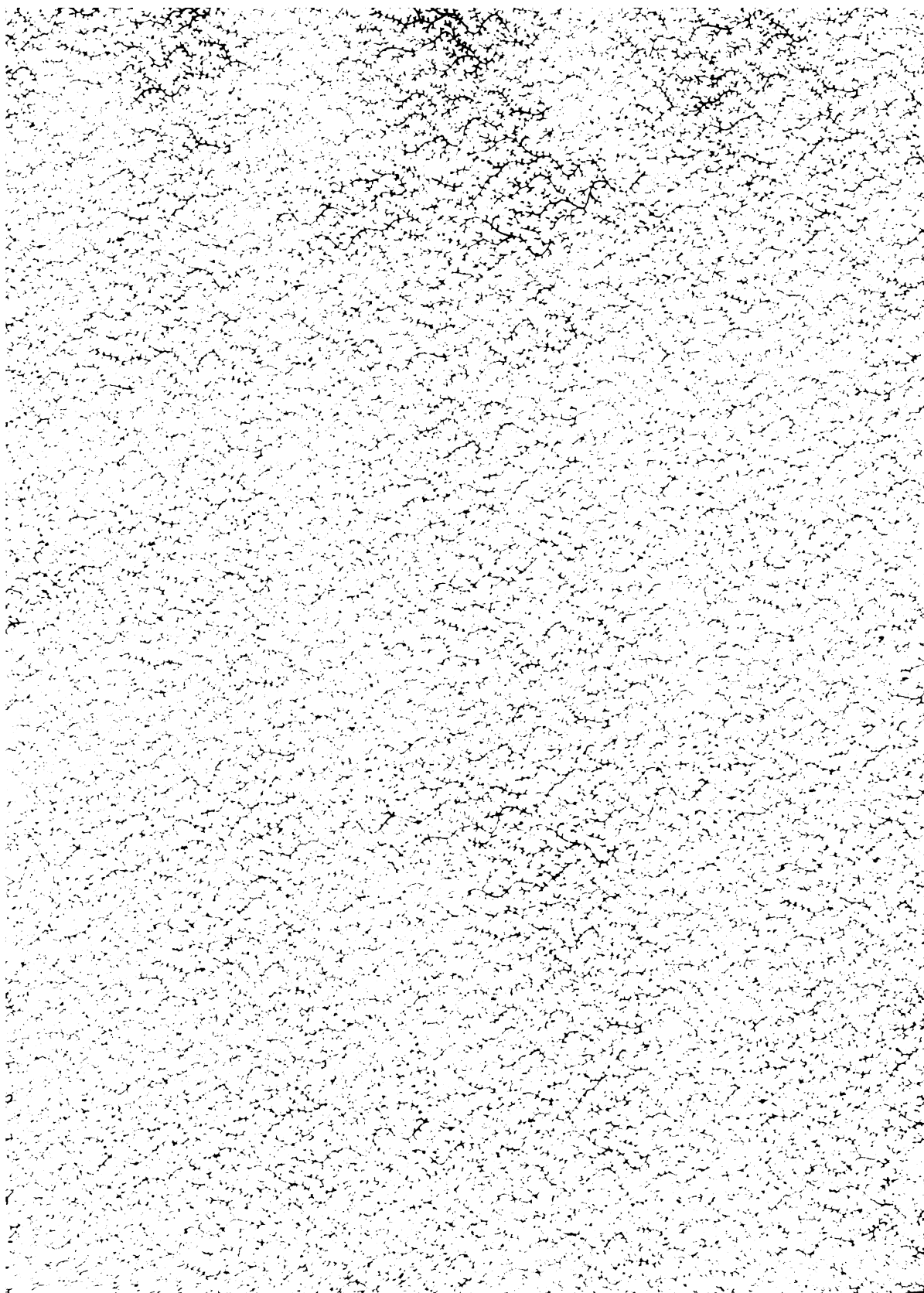
This *cordial* is distilled from the *eyes*,
And we must sprinkle it on th' *sacrifice* :
Offered i'th *virtue* of THEOPH'LAS *name*,
Which must be to it *holocaust* and *flame*.
Then, wing'd with *zeal*, we may aspire to see
The hallow'd *oracles* exprest by THEE,
Who art *LOVES flamen*, and with holy *fire*
Refin'st thy *muse*, to make her mount the *higher*.

ARTH. WIL

THE END.

OXFORD,
PRINTED BY SAMUEL COLLINGWOOD,
IN THE YEAR
MDCCCXIV.

Sam.



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